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DID BIRCHELL KILL BENWELL?

THE NEW YORK

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890.

{ VOLUME LVI.—No. 654.
Price Ten Cents.



HE SPANNED PRETTY FLORENCE.

TEACHER SULLIVAN, OF CHAPEL HILL, N. J., WALLOPS A MAIDEN AND GETS INTO TROUBLE.



RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1890.THE "POLICE GAZETTE" STANDARD
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE bracing weather now prevailing has had the effect of enlivening our college boys to an extraordinary degree, and scarcely a week passes but we are called upon to depict tales of their eccentricities, peculiarities and innuendoes. The latest escapade occurred up in Kalamazoo, Mich., where the boys kidnaped two professors and left them in a cornfield to grow up with the country. Well, the professors were once boys, and therefore, know how 'tis themselves.

THIS week just agone was the liveliest one experienced in pugilistic circles for many a month, and the POLICE GAZETTE does full justice to the events in this week's issue. Our pages team with matters of interest appertaining to pugilism and all sorts of athletic sports, in addition to our usual budget of topical events in the sensational world, and our full-page cut of the brawny boys defending themselves is alone worth the price of the POLICE GAZETTE. Who can say that we are not at the head and front of our class of journalism? Echo answers "Who!"

IT is slightly embarrassing, when a buxom girl is just swelling into womanhood, and when her maiden fancy is turning to thoughts of love, to have a full-grown man turn her upside down and chide her with a birch rod, but that's exactly what a Chapel Hill, N. J., school teacher recently did with Miss Florence Norma Woodward, one of his prettiest scholars. Florence had the too previous pedagogue yanked into court, but he was set free through a technicality in the law. Florence testified that the spanking "made her dizzy." Who wonders?

CHARLOTTE, N. C., claims a heroine as her own, and the enterprising burglar, when he's burgling, should steer clear of her premises. Miss Alice Kinney, a nineteen-year-old maiden, was sleeping alone in her boudoir when the clandestine footpad entered the room. He approached her bureau, and while he was rifling her drawers she rifled him with a hunk of lead, and the subsequent proceedings interested him no more. Miss Alice is the right kind of girl to have about the house, and the Charlotte boys are slower than we think they are if they permit her to travel in single harness long.

THE murder of Frederick Benwell, a wealthy young Englishman, in the woods near Princeton, Ontario, Canada, has formed the principal topic of conversation in sensational life, not only in Canada, but throughout the whole country. It has been clearly proven that young Benwell was a dupe of J. Reginald Birchell, also an Englishman, and that the former was brought to America by the latter for the purposes of intrigue, to say the least. Birchell had told Benwell and another fellow-countryman, D. R. Pelley, who had also come over with them, fairy stories of his immense wealth, and they had accompanied him across the ocean for the purpose of forming a co-partnership in a stock-raising business, which had no existence in fact. Birchell and his young wife are now in the toils of the law, held by the Coroner's jury, and a sifting investigation will be made as to their connection with Benwell's death. On other pages will be found the full story of the case with illustrations taken from sketches made on the spot by special POLICE GAZETTE artists. It is one of the most interesting stories of the age.

MASKS AND FACES

Grins and Scowls--Charley and Kate--Forrest and Kean.

"DOWN WITH BOOTH!"

Crane at Supper--Over The Rails... Fairies and Fakirs.

MASCOTS AND JONAH'S

Masks! I know a man in New York who has the finest, oddest collection of plaster cast death masks you probably ever saw.

His name is Laurence Hutton and he keeps the ghastly mementoes in a cupboard of his library.



The masks of Garrick, Cromwell, Lemaitre, Napoleon, Rachel, of many more celebrities on the world's stage, look weirdly at you from that cupboard.

When Adelaide Neilson died in a house in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, a rhapsodic artist, who had long been in love with her and followed her all over, tried to enter the house by bribing the servitor. He said he wanted to take a plaster cast of the dead beauty's face. The servitor proceeded to kick the rhapsodic artist down stairs, and the world's gallery has one curiosity less.

Nelson once had a picture of herself taken, with a high hat on her head, in a masked ball costume, showing one half of her face and hiding the other. I am told she was full when this occurred. She was walking home from the ball and entered a cheap photographer's in the early morning, roused the photographer and had it done, paying in her liberal, lavish way.

"Oh, yes," said Charley Day, as he fell into a chair in a talkative mood. "I have piloted and managed theatrical companies long before my present connection with William Gillette and 'The Private Secretary.' I was with Laura Keene as far back as '70-71, and when I was down South with that lady your own Bob Miles was in the land of hog and hominy with Mine. Lake's Circus. I also advertised Helen Dauvray once for a New England tour. She was 'Little Nell, the California Diamond,' then. Also, Ada Harland, who is now Mrs. Brander Matthews, the wife of the magazine writer and author. Was 'On Hand' with John Thompson awhile one winter. Why don't I write my experience for the *Century*? I am going to do so as I can get hold of some anecdotes one hundred years old. By the way, I was amused in reading Joseph Jefferson's confession, in his autobiography, that he deserted his post as stage manager and allowed 'the ship to go down'

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"Speaking of Forrest, that reminds me of a dear old lady who is living at the Home in Philadelphia, founded by the eminent tragedian. She was a high-kicker and made it interesting and sultry for all with whom she came in contact. My! she was a terror to the management, but a snare hotel clerk got away with the termagant so neatly on an occasion that I have never got over laughing about and telling it. At that time the lady was in the antique, and, as you must know, a very, very old lady now. She stopped at a hotel one day which 'gave a rate,' and, as usual, our ancient friend was given a dormitory immediately under the eaves--Room 23.

"The enraged actress saw 23 and the tips of the protruding shingles and came down to the office howling, and screamed shrilly into the affable clerk's ears: "I am in 23?"

"Yes," smiled the clerk, "we give every lady a room corresponding to her age; the leading lady is in 52."

"The dear creature smiled serenely, and, without a murmur, returned to the garret."

Tom Haley, the minstrel man, has something interesting to say apropos of his experience in St. Louis recently.

"If the audience at Pope's Theatre last Thursday night had known the real cause of the delay in the raising of the curtain after the signal of all ready had been given, there would have been some very genuine

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laughter. I need not tell you that show people are as superstitious as gamblers. They have an abiding faith both in 'mascots' and 'Jonahs.' If business is bad the company begins to look around for a 'Jonah,' suspecting first this man and then that. But should they find in the orchestra a yellow clarinet, they look no further, and ten to one the company will demand his discharge. I have been for several months sitting in the first part of a 'dummy,' holding in my hand a cornet, which I make believe to play. The manager sent it out to be plated last Thursday and when evening came I had no horn. In haste I ran to one of the 'musical team,' and asked him to loan me a cornet. As his instrument is a very costly and delicate one, he demurred, but told me I could have anything else in his trunk. There was no time to be lost, so I grabbed up the first instrument that came to my hand and marched to my post. I gave it a preliminary toot just as the curtain was about to rise, when the first part all looked around and saw me with the unlucky yellow clarinet in my hand. One and all they jumped to their feet, and there was a subdued tempest of protests. 'Don't play that, Tom!' 'None of that!' 'Here! here! we can't stand that!' Barney Fagan, the stage manager, came to me and said: 'I am not superstitious about yellow clarinets, but we have been doing well and there is no use taking any chances.' I surrendered the clarinet and sat through the first part with folded arms."

Is Kate Claxton jealous of her husband, Charles Stevenson, or is it all a fake? The other morning the wires were pregnant with the following excellent story. Note how ingeniously the wily agent calls the actress beautiful, and how familiarly he speaks of the handsome husband. The poor public, reading the papers at breakfast, little suspects how its theatrical news is manufactured for its gullible taste. However, here goes:

"Good God! Kate, what does this mean?" This exclamation was made by "Charley" Stevenson to his beautiful wife, Kate Claxton. It was just prior to the curtain being rung up at the Park theatre for the performance of "Booth's Baby." A messenger had called at the stage door and handed Miss Claxton a note. Charley was near by and snatched it from Kate's hand. Imagine his horror and surprise upon reading the following:

"To shadowing husband, Charles A. Stevenson, \$30. It would appear that for some time past Miss Claxton has been jealous of her dashing Charley, and allowed her suspicions to ripen until she firmly believed that he was not living in strict observance of his marriage vows. She engaged the service of a private detective named Lebow at the agency of J. B. & E. F. Braman at \$10 per day. She, however, had the detective called off the moment she found there was no ground for her suspicions. Stevenson then told the messenger to call on Wednesday night and he would have the money ready

for him. Lebow called, and, according to his statement, was there met by Stevenson, who said:

"Oh, you are on hand, are you? I suppose you want me to settle that bill?"

Lebow answered in the affirmative.

"Then take that," replied Stevenson, as he struck him a blow in the face. The blow was followed by another, and yet another, until Lebow measured 5 feet 6 inches on the floor, near the stage door. Lebow took his battered head to the Eighth district, and entered suit to recover from Miss Claxton the balance due him for dodging around town after Mr. Stevenson. He also entered suit to recover from Mr. Stevenson the sum of \$100 for assault and battery.

Billy Owens, of the *Porcupine*, Cincinnati, one of the readiest, brightest talkers you ever met, if a trifle vigorous at times, has been indulging in reminiscences.

"It seems strange," said he, the other night, "that the mob should ever have cried, 'Down with Booth!' but they did."

The night Lincoln was assassinated, Junius Brutus Booth, brother to Edwin and half brother to Wilkes, was playing Richard III, at Pike's Opera House on Fourth Street, Cincinnati. And in the interpretation of that wicked, deformed king, hastening on to a bloody grave, pursued by black phantoms of consciences, Junius Brutus appeared to be painting the sombre picture of the Booth family for years to come. On the morning following the assassination, when a placard containing the announcement--"Owing to the national calamity in the death of President Lincoln, Mr. Junius Brutus Booth will not appear in the 'Three Guardsmen' to-night," was displayed in front of Pike's, a mob gathered in front of the theatre and tore it down. "To hell with Booth," they yelled. The very name of Booth was hateful.

It was one year and a half after that before Edwin Booth appeared on the stage. It was at first thought he would never act again. He never plays in Washington to this day, but when he plays in Baltimore, immense crowds from the capital go to see and hear him.

Amos Cummings, of the *Sun*, interviewed an old time palmy-day man the other day, and got this anecdote about Kean and Forrest out of him:

"When Kean came to this country," Forrest said, "he created a great furor. I was assigned to play *Horatio* to his *Hamlet*. I was then a young actor without experience and very anxious as to my success. I was especially anxious to act my part well in playing

with Kean. I went to rehearsal to meet him, but he didn't appear. I grew more and more anxious as the time approached for the performance, and finally visited him at his rooms. I was cordially received. I found him in his slippers and shirt sleeves, walking up and down the room. Kean was a small man, but well knit and active.

"Well, young man," he said, "what is your business with me this morning?"

"Mr. Kean," I replied, "I am to play *Horatio* to your *Hamlet* to-night."

"Ah, yes, my young friend," said he, "yes, take a chair. You are very welcome."

"Well," said I, "Mr. Kean, I am a young actor, and I am exceedingly anxious about what is to occur this evening. I have been to the rehearsals, but you didn't attend them. I was disappointed in not seeing you there, and I've come here to ask you to give me some instructions, for what I am to do concerns me greatly!"

"Ah, yes, all right," Kean answered. "My young friend, I will attend to that soon. Did you ever hear me play?"

"No," I replied.

"Ah, yes. Sit down, then," said he, "and I will play for you."

"At this he began to sing:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

"I expressed myself as pleased, but wished to return to the subject that brought me there."

"Ah, yes, my young friend," said he, "we'll attend to that anon. What do they say of me? Ah, yes. What do the people say?"

"Well, they say you are a great actor, but that you have one great enemy," I replied.

"H'm," said he, taking a bottle of brandy under his arm, "I suppose this is it. Well, sir, don't you know that we are commanded to love our enemies? Will you take a drink?"

"I declined. Kean went on with some stories. Finally I reminded him again of what I had come for."

"Ah, yes, my young friend," he said, "yes, I must not keep you waiting. Now I will show you. Come up here."

"He beckoned me to stand in front of him."

"Now," said he, "when you come in to-night, you come in on the right-hand side of the stage--here he paused for several seconds--or the left hand. I don't care a ha'penny which--another pause--but when you come on, come right along and we'll go right through with it. That's all."

"That was all the consolation I could get out of him. But we went through with it, and it took wonderfully despite my nervousness."

During my recent travels west on behalf of the POLICE GAZETTE, I found no better accommodations, no finer grades, and no speedier and safer travel than with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Sam Backus, the tall and handsome conductor, well known by many professionals, is a nephew of the minstrel Backus, has been on the line over ten years, and has a great fund of festive anecdote.

James F. Miser, another conductor on this road, is a courteous and intelligent fellow, whose anecdotes of experiences with actors and actresses on the rail would make an interesting article.

Bernhardt will probably not play in the "Passion Play," because the authorities won't allow it.

Sol Smith Russell didn't produce the new play by Boucicault in Frisco.

And Billy Crane, who is now so much of a success in "The Senator" at the Star, New York, gave some reminiscences at a supper tendered him by friends the other night.

"I have tried, in giving to the stage Senator Hannibal Rivers, to portray an honest statesman--a man with a heart, with a conscience and with a purpose. No compliment that has ever been paid to my humble efforts has pleased me more than a remark of that great Kentuckian, Senator Blackburn. After one of my performances at Louisville, I had the pleasure of supping with the Senator, and in the course of our conversation he said, with that Southern courtesy of manner for which he is distinguished: 'Mr. Crane, sir, until now whenever I have seen the term politician or Senator upon the playbill of a theatre I have always expected to see either a caricature, or a leater, or a liar, sir, and as a rule, I have not been disappointed, sir. But you have shown us a stage politician who is an honest man, and I think that the entire United States Senate as a body owe you a vote of thanks, sir!'"

In speaking of the fact that he had played the Senator so much that he was beginning to think he was absolutely the real thing until he found himself surrounded by real politicians, Crane told the following story of his early theatrical career:

"My position, indeed, reminds me of my first appearance on any stage some twenty-five or twenty-six years ago. The day after my debut (when I had spoken, oh, so very few lines) I walked about the city and wondered why everybody wasn't looking at me and saying, 'Is that the young man who was on the stage last night?' But no one seemed to notice me, and you can imagine my delight when a gentleman with whom I was very slightly acquainted approached me and said: ' Didn't I see you play a part at the theatre last night?' That was my chance. 'You did, sir,' (forty-eight and a half, sir, and as a rule, I have not been disappointed, sir.) ' Been on the stage long?' 'Well--er--not very long.' 'I thought so. What salary are you getting?' 'Well,' I said, bracing myself up as well as I could, 'at present I am getting nothing a week.' 'Ah! Well, I saw you act last night and I think you are very well paid.'"

LEW ROSEN.

An elegant new Cabinet Photograph just published, of Lew Rosen, winner of the billiard tournament at New York. Mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Address this office.

LOVE AND BOODLE.

They Travel Together
Through Life.

HE LOVED HER MONEY, TOO.

A Lively Female Corpse and
Her Two Lovers.

A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BRIDE.

A Groom in Knickerbockers, a Bride
in Pantalettes.

MARRIED AND YET NO WIFE.

Another week has passed and gone, and yet it appears that the world is no nearer Heaven, unless the opportunity to daily in the sunlight of the affections of a morsel of femininity can be called Heaven.

Love not only laughs at locksmiths but is capable of laughing at other things. It imbues one with a spirit of forgiveness which, under other circumstances, might end in an unholy riot and might cause a man to even biff his mother-in-law, who had just left him her heir. Once in a while, however, love gets tripped up. This was the case recently in Providence, Pa., when—but wait—

MIXED NUPTIALS IN PROVIDENCE, PA.

In Providence, Pa.—to say it again—reside Arthur G. Deacle and a lady who was always presumed to be Mrs. Arthur G. Deacle. The lady was formerly Miss.



MARRIED, YET NO WIFE.

Adelia Thomas, and, so far as is known, she was as true as steel.

Although the couple have lived together as man and wife for fourteen years, they were only recently made aware of the fact that they were not legally married. This knowledge came to them in a queer way. In 1876, Deacle, then a prosperous young laborer, secured a divorce from his first wife, Mrs. Thomas, at that time had just separated from her first husband, but there had only been a verbal dissolution of the marital ties. Thomas had departed, leaving his grass widow in the possession of a modest little home. When Deacle first met the widow he supposed that her husband was dead. A neighborhood 'squire married them, but evidently in ignorance of the fact that the bride was not free. The couple lived together happily until recently and succeeded in buying some property.

Mrs. Thomas-Deacle and Mr. Deacle quarreled, and when she began a suit for a half interest in his property the above facts were disclosed, and they ascertained that they could go it alone in the future, as their supposed marriage was not legal.

A FORGIVING HAMILTON, O. GIRL.

It has been said that

"To err is human.
To forgive, divine."

If this be true, Miss Emma Allen, of Hamilton, O., must be the personification of divinity.

Miss Emma Allen is one of the prettiest and wealthiest girls of Hamilton, O. How she met R. S. Carter is not set forth in our latest dispatches, but meet they did, and loved.

Their love became so ecstatic that finally it was announced that they had determined to wed. On Thanksgiving Day last they had a little symposium in the parlor of the pretty Emma's palatial home, and on the following day the news was broken to their friends that they were really and truly engaged to be married, and that the wedding was to take place immediately.

In order to prove that he loved Emma, Carter had placed enough confidence in her to borrow \$6,000 of his sweetheart, and, as a natural consequence, when she drove around in her carriage to his hotel on the day of the to-be-nuptials, Carter was out.

This set Miss Emma thinking, and as Carter did not show up, the services of detectives were engaged, and they finally unearthened him in Buffalo. He had \$6,800 with him, and the amount was taken charge of by the officials. They took him to Cincinnati, and when he

arrived there his sweetheart was there to meet him. Up to that time she had determined to prosecute him to the full extent of the law. But little Cupid jumped in, softened her heart, and burst the whole business. They were closeted together for an hour or so, and when they emerged from the hotel room Emma had forgiven everything. Later on they started for home together, and a wedding is in prospect.

What's the matter with Cupid?

He's all—wrong.

A FRISKY NANTICOKE, PA., CORPSE.

Girls come high, but we must have 'em. Some girls are worth considerable if they are the right sort, while others are dear at any price. When a man pays \$1,000 cold dollars for a girl he'd ought to have her, and that's what a Nanticoke, Pa., citizen did, and then he got left.

If what the neighborhood says of pretty Clara Neuburger is true, Clara is the friskiest kind of a frisky damsel. Clara resided in Nanticoke up to six months ago. She had many admirers, among whom were Alfred Nagle, a young Austrian employed in a cloth-

Philadelphia, and that she had been seen there with Schwarz. This proved to be true. It was also proven that she and Schwarz had been married and were having dead loads of fun with Nagle's \$1,000. The coffin business had been a dead fake. Nagle has brought suit for the recovery of his \$1,000, and a constable is skinning through Pennsylvania in search of Schwarz.

A KENTUCKY BRIDE KICKS.

A queer case of matrimonial infidelity is reported from McLean county, Ky. Mr. John Willis is a farmer in very fair circumstances, who became a widower several years ago. Mrs. Effie Pinkston was a widow who lived three miles from Mr. Willis. They concluded it was not good for them to live apart, and accordingly a few days ago they were married. Late in the evening they repaired to Mr. Willis' home, where a fine supper awaited them. Things went on with extreme nicety for a considerable time after supper until a discussion arose about religion. Mr. Willis had positive convictions and so stated them. Mrs. Willis had a faith grounded on the Scriptures as interpreted

ties to arrest her. The Mayor says she will not be molested.

A SPANKING MACHINE NEEDED IN MILWAUKEE.

Any brilliant inventor who can work out a plan for a patent spanker ought to make big money, just about now, in Milwaukee, Wis.

What suggested the above emblazoned idea is the



BABY NUPTIALS IN CHICAGO.

recent marriage of Charles Hamilton Eliot and Elizabeth C. Nugent in Chicago.

Lizzie has just emerged from pantalettes and Charley has just chucked off his knickerbockers. Charley is the youngest son of Robert Eliot, a nabob of Milwaukee, and Lizzie is the daughter of James Nugent, a book-keeper in the City of Beer. The kick was made because Charley was considered to be too good for Lizzie, but anybody who could be too good for the bewitching damsel should have his title clear to Angel Land and should show up wing sprouts.

Charley has recently been filling his knowledge box in the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and Lizzie joined him in Chicago. They called on a parson man—Rev. James D. Foley of Marquette College—and two throbbing, beating, palpitating, dear little hearts were at once soldered in copartnership.

The wedding has raised a devil of a row in Milwaukee society circles, and Charley will be sent for—and the spanking machine editor can, for further particulars, address Eliot Senior.

A CLUB WANTED IN OAKTOWN, IND.

While the spanking-machine fiend is thinking out an idea for a nice, flat baby-pounder, he might as well also conjecture a patent-duplex-elliptic-sixteen-horse-power club. It is needed right away in Oaktown, a thriving town nigh by Vincennes, Ind.

About two years ago, one Owen Palmer, of St. Louis, arrived in Oaktown, became a visitor at the home of John Wolfe, a wealthy farmer, and finally married his eldest daughter, Miss Minnie. They moved to East St. Louis, where the young wife pined away and died. Palmer became dead broke, and finally Farmer Wolfe



OWEN PALMER ELOPES WITH PEARL.

took pity on him, and provided him with a home. Palmer was ungrateful, and finally it became necessary for Farmer Wolfe to boost him, because he caught him making love to his fifteen-year-old daughter, Pearl.

Palmer returned to St. Louis and nothing more was heard of him until recently, when it was stated that he was at work and had been working for several weeks on the farm of Mr. Shepherd, a neighbor of the Wolfs. He visited the public school one day and was seen in the hallway talking to Miss Pearl. Her parents upbraided the daughter for her conduct on this occasion, and she avowed that she despised and hated him. The girl started to school as usual one day recently, but never reached there. Instead she was met on the road by Palmer, who had a closed carriage in waiting, which she entered and was driven to Edwardsport. There the couple boarded a train and went to Vincennes. From there they went to Lawrenceville, where they were married, and continued their journey to St. Louis.

Guns are ripe in Oaktown.

TOMMY RATS.

DAINTY PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A portrait of Phyllis Broughton, the eminent English actress, is produced elsewhere. Miss Broughton is equally as popular off the stage as on it. She is a member of the "Paul Jones" company in London, and is a favorite with theatre-goers of all classes.

A PARISIAN FAVORITE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mlle Sylviac, the famous Parisian actress, whose portrait will be found elsewhere, is well known and very popular throughout Europe. At present she is performing at the Theatre Gymnase, in Paris.

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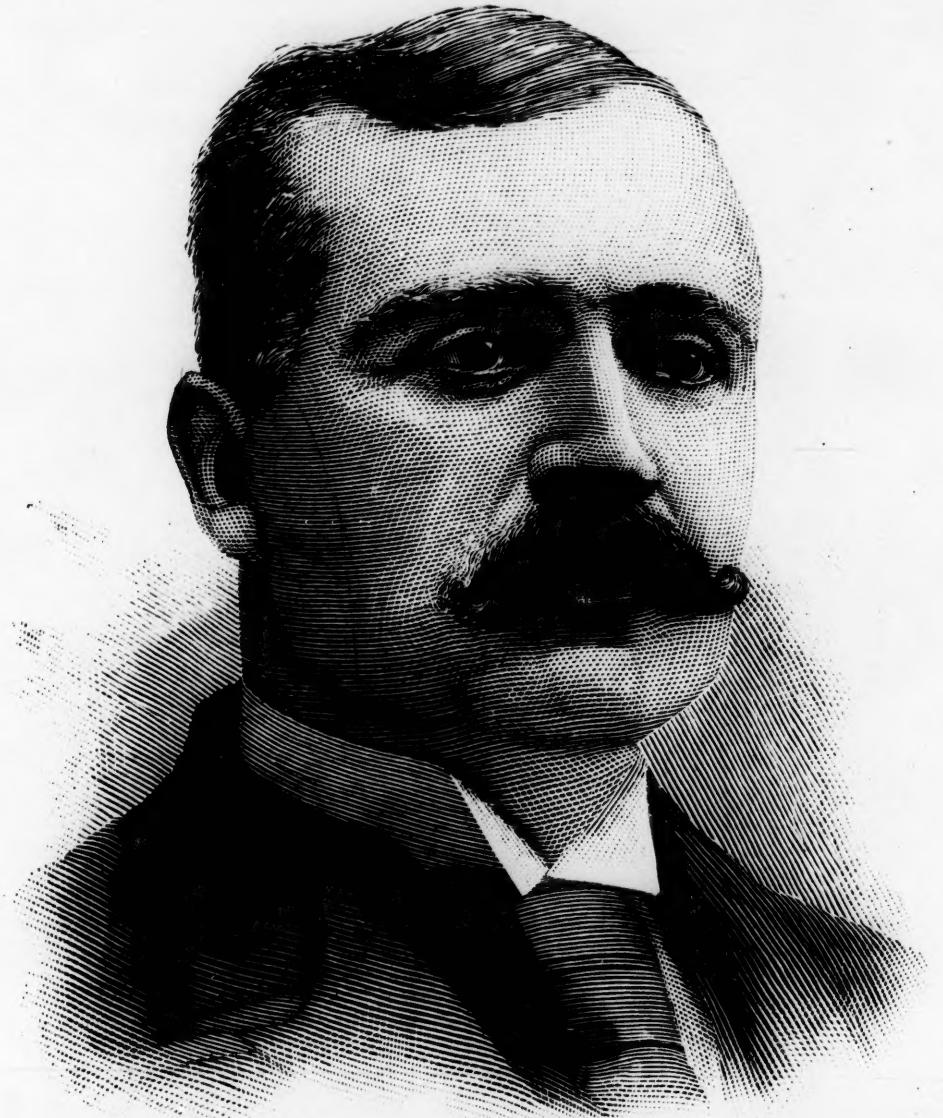


MISS NEUBURGER'S LIVELY CORPSE.

Coffin, and left a floral deposit of her brother's love. When Nagle got onto his feet again he was informed that the corpse of his sweetheart had been shipped to Winona and buried. Then he went into mourning. He mourned until about a week ago, when all the mourning was knocked into a cocked hat by the announcement that his corpse sweetheart was alive and well in

ONE DOLLAR sent to this office will pay for a three months' subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE. Try it.

City-Attorney, who had prosecuted her husband, and giving him a swinging left-hander, knocked him clean off his feet. The Mayor here interfered, and though he was not knocked down, the woman got in her blows so often and ferociously that he is not now half so pretty as he was. He beat a retreat and from a distance ordered the officer to let her go, which, seeing the officer did not have hold of her, was a superfluous order. The woman went home and defies the author-



WHERE ACTORS CONGREGATE.

JOSEPH HENDERER, WHOSE FASHION CLUB IN MILWAUKEE, WIS., IS A RESORT FOR PROFESSIONALS AND SPORTING MEN.



DAINTY PHYLLIS BROUGHTON.

THE EMINENT ENGLISH ACTRESS WHO TAKES A LEADING PART IN "PAUL JONES," AND IS THE PET OF THEATRE-GOERS.



A PARISIAN FAVORITE

CHARMING AND COQUETISH M'LLE SYLVIA, WHO HAS TURNED THE HEAD OF MANY AN AMERICAN YOUTH IN THE GAY CITY.



"THE WHISTLING COON."

EUGENE STRATTON, A BUFFALO, N. Y., BOY, WHO IS NOW SURPRISING LONDON WITH HIS VERSATILITY.



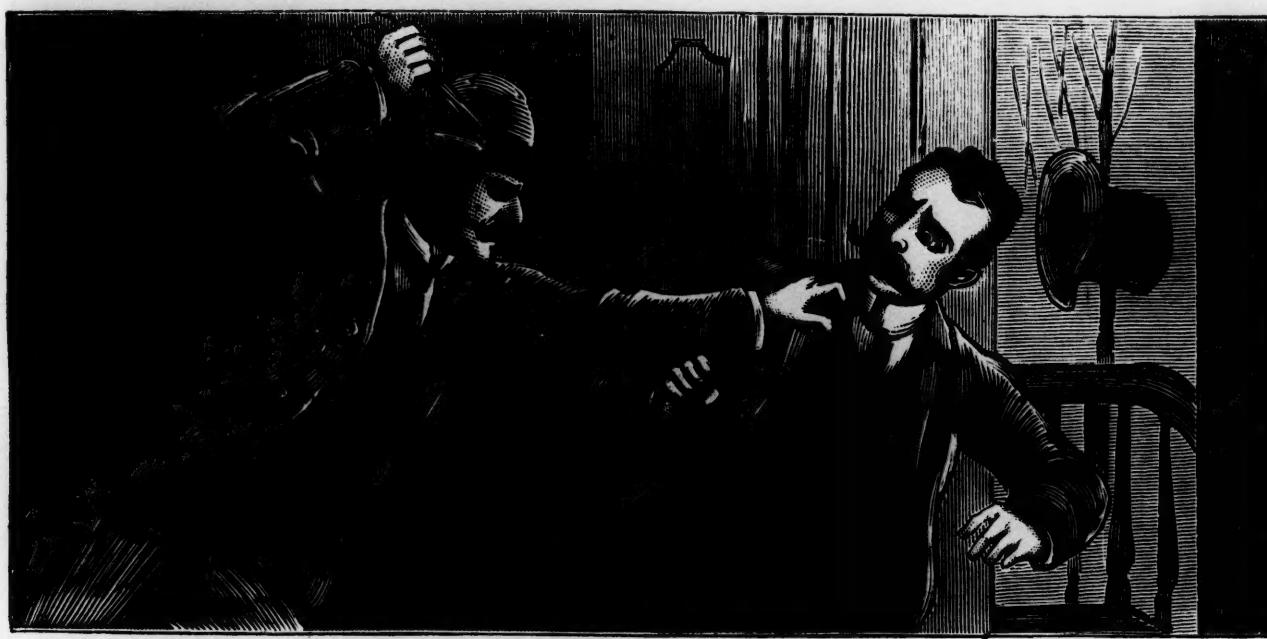
"THE PRINCE OF FORGERS.
WILLIAM H. FURMAN, EX-COVT, OF PONTIAC, ILL., AGAIN
IN THE TOILS FOR DOING CROOKED WORK."



"HE WAS ACQUITTED.
CHALKLEY LECONEY, THE CAMDEN COUNTY, N. J., FARMER,
ACCUSED OF HAVING MURDERED HIS PRETTY NIECE."



"WILL HE PROVE INNOCENCE?
PHELPS PERRIN, LATE ASSISTANT CASHIER OF THE HURLEY,
WIS., BANK, ON TRIAL FOR ROBBERY."



"CARVED THE WRONG MAN.
JEALOUS JOHN KIRKPATRICK, OF TROY, N. Y., STABS AN INOFFENSIVE AND FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR BY
MISTAKE WHILE WAITING FOR AN ALLEGED RIVAL."



"CAN THEY PROVE IT?
JOHN TRENTWITH, ARRESTED BY PENNSYLVANIA AUTHORITIES
ON A CHARGE OF MURDERING PATRICK HAGANEY."



"TWO PLUCKY MAIDENS.
MISSES SWAN LATHROM AND BELLE SMITH RELEASE THEIR LOVERS FROM FRANKLIN, MO., OFFICIALS,
BUT ARE JUGGED THEMSELVES FOR THEIR TEMERITY."



"AN ALLEGED ACCOMPLICE.
WILLIAM HEITZENSTEIN, ALSO ARRESTED BY PENNSYLVANIA AU-
THORITIES ON A CHARGE OF KILLING PATRICK HAGANEY."



"CHARLES AUTENRIETH WANTED.
CITIZENS OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MO., WOULD LIKE TO ASCER-
TAIN THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE ABOVE-NAMED GENTLEMAN."



"A FLEET-FOOTED FLEER.
WILLIAM H. POPE, WHO IS SUPPOSED TO BE GOING TOWARDS CAN-
ADA WITH A BODDLE FROM A LOUISVILLE, KY., BANK."



"A FLITFUL DRUGGIST.
E. H. GREGORY, OF KANSAS CITY, MO., HAS AN EXPERIENCE IN
WHICH A BLONDE AND MORPHINE PREDOMINATE."

"BIRCHELL GUILTY!"

That's what the Jury Determined in the Examination.

MRS. BIRCHELL ALSO HELD.

Proof that Benwell was Murdered by His Friend.

A CANADA MYSTERY SOLVED.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

The jury in the now famous Birchell-Benwell tragedy have rendered a verdict deciding that J. Reginald Birchell is guilty of the murder of Frederick C. Benwell, and that his wife, Mrs. Birchell, is an accessory after the fact.

The Canadian authorities for two weeks have been weaving a web of circumstantial evidence around Birchell, accused of the atrocious murder of his former friend, Benwell, whom he brought from England to go into partnership with him in the stock-raising business, and the facts of which murder will, no



BIRCHELL AND BENWELL LEAVE BUFFALO.

matter by whom done, equal the world-famed Maxwell-Prelle butchery. The Attorney-General has considered it necessary to direct that Mrs. Birchell, the pretty wife of the English adventurer, be confined as an alleged accomplice, and developments are awaited with interest by the reading public of two hemispheres.

On Feb. 21, two woodmen named Eldridge, were passing through a dense thicket, in an unfrequented part of the forest near Princeton, Ontario, when they came across the body of a man who had undoubtedly been murdered. There were marks of a struggle, and two tell-tale bullet wounds settled all doubts in that direction. There was no article of clothing by which the man could be identified. Even the marks on the shirt and underclothing had been torn out. Near by the body, however, was a cigar case bearing the name "Frederick C. Benwell." That clew unravelled a damning murder.

The authorities were notified and skilled detectives were put on the case. Investigation proved the fact that Benwell and Birchell had come to this country together from England. Birchell had previously been known in several parts of Ontario as a visionary or worse, who was constantly telling fairy stories of his imaginary wealth and legendary possessions. A year previous, he had astonished the natives of Woodstock by his loud talk, flashy appearance and love for four-in-hand and tandem driving. After he had run his credit into the ground he had suddenly disappeared.

Birchell was finally located in Clifton, where he was cutting quite a dash with his pretty wife. He was arrested, questioned and admitted that he had known Benwell. He was taken to the place whence the body had been removed, and readily admitted that it was that of Benwell.

An examination was at once begun by Magistrate Hill. The principal witness in the preliminary hearing was D. R. Pelley, also an Englishman, who had come over to become a partner of Birchell in his imaginary schemes. This is Pelley's story as told in his own language:

"I saw an advertisement," Pelley testified, "in a daily London (England) paper, the *Standard*, I think, about two or three months ago, giving some details of a stock farm in America, and to apply to one Mellerish. The address being at a club in Cheltenham, I wrote to Mellerish and received a reply making an appointment to meet him in London, and went to the club in London. At the time of the appointment he was not there. The porter said he was out of town, but would be back in a few days. A few days afterwards I received a letter from the prisoner saying he had a business out at Niagara Falls, Canada, and he said he wanted some one to assist him to run it, and thought I would suit him, and if I wished to I could write him."

"I had considerable correspondence with the prisoner in connection with the matter. The letters are at home. The gist of the interviews and writing was that he had, one mile and a half from Niagara Falls, a large farm, on which was a large brick house and barns, the former heated by steam and lighted by gas, and the latter by electric light. I understood the business carried on was buying horses in the rough and grooming them to sell for profit. The farm was used to raise horse-feed, and that during his absence his business was looked after by two hired men; that his overseer was a Scotchman named McDonald, who lived not far away, and also that he had a branch business that he had only an interest in at Woodstock, Ont., and had furnished rooms there in which he and Mrs. Birchell lived; that there was quite a number of Englishmen at Niagara Falls, and a club had been ar-

ranged which he was instrumental in organizing, and that the members lived in English style and had English servants.

"After hearing his story I came to the conclusion that I would like the business and entered into an agreement with him, which was that for £170 I was to have in return all my expenses and 22½ per cent. of all sales. The prisoner made two copies of the agreement, signed one and sent both to me so I might return one to him. I did sign it and returned it to him, with a check for the amount drawn on Fuller, Bamby,



PELLEY GREW SUSPICIOUS.

Nix & Matherson. By his request I did not cross the check, but sent it in a registered letter, as he said his banking bill was in America.

"The first arrangement was made to sail on the steamer Umbria. Not hearing from him, I wired him and received by mail a letter saying that he intended procuring steamship tickets through Mrs. Birchell's father, Mr. Stevenson, who might get them at reduced rates. The final arrangements were made to meet him at Huston Depot at 4 P. M. on Feb. 4. I did this, telegraphing, as I wished to go and see a friend of mine, Godfrey Lawford, at 28 Austin Friars. I went to Huston station as arranged, and the prisoner did not turn up. I waited for a later train, and just as a train was due to start the prisoner and Mrs. Birchell drove up in a cab with their luggage and made the excuse for their lateness in arriving that Mr. Stevenson's office had been on fire during the night, and said it was in the Gresham building. We started by a later train, due to reach Liverpool about 12 o'clock. We got there at 12:30.

"On the way up to Liverpool from London the prisoner mentioned Mr. Benwell's name to me for the first time and told me that he was coming out with him, and that Benwell was not much of a chap to me; and did not care for me to associate with him. Benwell was to meet him in Liverpool and they would meet next day. After breakfast we went over to the hotel where Benwell was and found him, and I was introduced to



MRS. BIRCHELL'S FOUR-IN-HAND.

him, after which we got our luggage sent down to the quay and placed on the steamer. After dinner Mrs. Birchell and I were sent down to the quay in a carriage, the prisoner and Benwell following in another. We got aboard about 4 P. M.

"On the way from London the prisoner asked me if I had been in the habit of carrying a revolver. I told him I had one. He then showed me his that he had in his pocket—a short one. I met Mrs. Birchell twice in London at a house. I also met her sister once, a Miss Stevenson, a very stout person. The house was called Bainbridge, Maberley Road, Upper Norwood, S. E. To this address all the correspondence was carried on.



PELLEY GOT FRIGHTENED.

The reason, he said, that he had both electric light and gas in his elegant stock farm at Niagara Falls was on account of there being two companies and there was big rivalry between them, and he found it better to

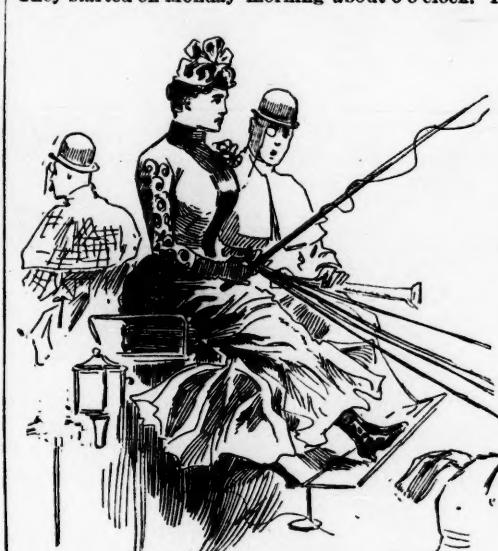
THIRTEEN WEEKS FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Send your name and address with \$1, and the POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed regularly each week for three months.

take both from a business point of view. But as there had been some sort of combination now, they would only have the electric light when he would arrive at the Falls.

"At Liverpool when we went over to the hotel where Benwell was, the prisoner introduced Mrs. Birchell to him. We crossed the ocean in the Germanic, sailing on the eve of the 5th of February. We arrived in New York late Friday evening, the 14th of February. Agent Maloney was on the wharf. With his help we got our baggage together, and through the customs to the Metropolitan Hotel. Before leaving the quay in New York Benwell had two packages forwarded in bond to Clifton, Ontario, by express. We remained in New York till Saturday evening. Saturday morning we went to see Maloney about the tickets at his offices, I think 401 Broadway. The prisoner said: 'We won't buy our tickets now,' and we walked down to an exchange office, near Wall street, and exchanged some English for American money. The purser on the Britannic would know how much money Benwell had, as he had charge of it for him.

"We then went back to Maloney's office, and the prisoner said we would purchase our tickets to Buffalo only, since it would be cheaper, as we would arrive late at Niagara. We would remain over at Buffalo, which was agreed upon. We left the hotel for Jersey City, there took the train for Buffalo, arriving at Buffalo at noon next day and going to the Stafford House after lunch. We took the street-car down to near the Niagara House, and walked along to a circle near the water front and came near the barracks. Then we walked back to the hotel. We then commenced to speak about the best plans for to-morrow. He said we would come over to the farm at Niagara Falls and see how things were and surprise the employees. It was finally decided that the prisoner and Benwell would take a train leaving Buffalo at 6 o'clock in the morning and come to the farm and make arrangements for our reception; that Mrs. Birchell and I would remain behind, and that he would take Benwell and leave him with McDonald and then would telegraph us to come along.

"Next morning—Monday, the 17th of February—the prisoner came down to see if Benwell had got up. I heard them speaking outside of his room. He said he had put on a different suit of clothing for the country. They started off Monday morning about 6 o'clock. It



held for the murder. While the authorities claim to have evidence of their complicity in the crime, the men claim to be innocent, and it is somewhat doubtful if they can be proven guilty.

A CHAMPION SCULLER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Neil Matterson, the famous Australian oarsman, has rowed in many races both in Australia and England. He is now matched to row Peter Kemp, for £200 a side, and the single-scull championship of the world, over the Paramatta championship course. Matterson trained Searle when the latter rowed Wm. O'Connor, the American champion, on the river Thames, for \$5,000 and the championship of the world.

WRESTLER AND PUGILIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Gus Lambert, the wrestler and pugilist, is well known both in this country and Canada. He has figured in many contests at weight-lifting, wrestling and boxing during the past decade. He won the championship of Canada at wrestling, and he has been victorious in many battles. Recently, he met Peter Jackson at Troy, N. Y., and made a sensational set-to. He keeps a sporting saloon at Cohoes, N. Y.

HE BANGED "HIS HONOR."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A sensation was created in Judge Gastin's court room in Hastings, Neb., recently. While Judge Gastin was hearing a case, C. H. Tanner, a member of the Hastings bar, took exception to the Judge's decision and struck him blow over the eye. Much indignation is expressed over the affair, which may result in the disbarment of the attorney.

HE WAS ACQUITTED.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found a portrait of Chalkley Leconey, the Camden county, N. J., farmer, who was recently acquitted by the jury on the charge of murdering his niece, Miss Annie Leconey. The murder occurred on the 9th of September last. Mr. Leconey has offered a reward of \$500 for the apprehension of the real perpetrators of the crime.

WILL HE PROVE HIS INNOCENCE?

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Phelps Perrin, late cashier and bookkeeper of the Iron Exchange Bank, of Hurley, Wis., is now on trial for pilfering \$30,600 from the bank. It is but just to say that the evidence against young Perrin is purely circumstantial, and he and his friends claim that he will eventually prove his innocence.

WHERE ACTORS CONGREGATE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

An excellent portrait of Mr. Joseph Henderer of Milwaukee, Wis., is printed on another page of this issue. Mr. Henderer is the proprietor of one of the most popular sporting resorts and rest for actors in the Northwest, which is known as "The Fashion and Fashion Club."

A CHARITABLE BOOKMAKER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Without a doubt, Ed. L. Strauss, the popular young bookmaker, of San Francisco, Cal., is one of the most charitable men on the turf. On several occasions he has taken street Arabs into clothing stores and warmed their souls and bodies with a suit of clothes or an overcoat. We produce his portrait on another page.

A FLEET-FOOTED FLEER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A few days ago William H. Pope, teller of the Louisville City National Bank, of Louisville, Ky., absconded with \$60,000 of the bank's cash. It is supposed that he has gone to Canada to witness the skating contests. His downfall was caused by whiskey and jack-pots. Elsewhere we produce his portrait.

AN OLD COLORED WOMAN'S \$5,000.

A Care-Taker in One of Vice-President Morton's Houses Strikes a Bonanza in The Louisiana State Lottery.

Vice-President Levi P. Morton owns a handsome row of private dwellings on the south side of 98th st., between 9th and 10th aves. Like many other fine mansions on the over-built west side, they do not rapidly find wealthy tenants. The first house in the row is 116 West 98th st. The lower portion of the house is occupied by an aged colored woman, Mrs. Annie Johnson, as care-taker. With her lives her husband, daughter and grandchild.

Mrs. Johnson and her daughter have long been seeking a rapid road to fortune. About a month ago they were informed, says Mrs. Johnson, that if they would invest even so trivial a sum as \$1 in the Louisiana State Lottery, they might strike a bonanza. Accordingly both Mrs. Johnson and her daughter invested a dollar each for a one-twentieth of ticket each. One ticket was No. 44,138. What was the astonishment of Mrs. Johnson when she looked in *The Daily News* the day after the drawing to see the announcement in a telegraph dispatch from New Orleans that ticket 44,138 had drawn a prize of \$100,000 and consequently that they were entitled to \$5,000 as their share of the second capital prize.

"Why," she said this afternoon, "I was perfectly astonished that such luck had come to us. I hardly dared to tell the old man for fear it was a mistake. Still I knew from what my friends had told me that the Louisiana State Lottery Company was an entirely responsible business concern. Feeling so confident about this I did not hesitate to send my ticket to Mr. Dauphin, the manager of the company, at New Orleans, by mail, with a request that he would remit the amount due on the ticket by return mail. In a week I received a certified check for \$5,000. Never having had so much money in my possession before I felt a mighty peculiar sensation upon its receipt, and at once made up my mind that I had better get it in a safe place as soon as possible. The very next day I took the check to the Fifth Avenue Bank and deposited it. It is still there, and I really do not know what we will do with the money, except invest a few dollars of it every month in the Louisiana State Lottery, and thus, perhaps, increase our fortune. None of my family ever had a ticket in the lottery before, but I guess we will have a good many hereafter."

New York Daily News, March 5.

THE LEADING AND BEST ILLUSTRATED PAPER IN AMERICA.—If you cannot obtain the POLICE GAZETTE from your newsman, send \$1.00 and have it mailed to your address for 18 weeks.

HOD MILES' VICTIMS.

A Massachusetts Boy Who Took His Gun West,

AND KILLED SIX MEN,

With Several Back Counties To Hear From.

AN OZARK MOUNTAIN TERROR.

The Ozark territory in Missouri has been the scene of many a bloody row, and continues to keep its end up in the gore and carnage line. Innumerable denizens of the locality travel around minus an ear, nose, eye, arm or leg, and many of them are so full of lead that they would burst up the business of any well-regulated drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine if they endeavored to weigh themselves. A majority of the citizens of the district have several or more notches in their gun barrels, indicative of the number of fellow-citizens they have banged across the divide and,



THE FIGHT IN THE BALL-ROOM.

taking one consideration with another, it is a right lively place to reside in.

No young man is more noted in this last respect than Hod Miles, one of the principals in the famous Gibson-Miles feud, which has aided in making the Ozark Mountains famous in history. Hod Miles has just killed another of the Gibsons—the fifth. He might have boomed his tally to six, but he took compassion on uncle Gibson and landed him in jail in preference to blowing a hole through him.

The story of the latest shooting is deeply interesting and is as follows:

In January last Bartlett Gibson, an uncle of the four Gibson boys, whom Hod had worked off, moved into Ozark county from Arkansas. His son Jacob accompanied him.

Bartlett was a moonshiner and had had a little trouble with the local authorities in Arkansas over the sale of his liquor. The county had become one of the drys, and the officials, led by a preacher named Ger-



GIBSON HIDES BEHIND HOD'S TRUCK.

ton, made life a burden even for the men who for years had defied the deputy United States marshals.

How it happened that Bartlett and his son Jacob took up the almost forgotten feud between Miles and the Gibsons is not known, but it seems likely that they were spoiling for a fight—they had been driven out of Arkansas and felt like doing something to relieve their ugly feelings. As a result Jacob's feelings are relieved permanently. He is dead.

After the fashion of the country, old Gibson let it be known that he and Jake were going to do for Hod Miles if he didn't "pull his freight." It is said that when this word was brought to Miles it caused him real distress. He had hoped that he could live in peace. But he at once took to carrying the target pistols he had worn when the boys were alive and thereafter never lighted a lamp in his house at night. Then he began coming to town more frequently. He told John Davidson that he came simply in the hope of meeting the enemy and having the thing ended as soon as possible.

It was not until Saturday of last week that he met his men. They were both at the Danson Hotel, and both had been drinking. Jake came out on the veranda and saw Miles on the steps in front of Davidson's store, about three rods away. Miles was looking the other way at the moment, and Jake succeeded in getting his revolver from his holster before Miles turned.

It was then too late to draw even the light target pistol, and, for once in his life, Miles had to run. He did not run away, however; he simply jumped off the steps. It was lucky for him that Jake had been drinking, however, for the liquor no doubt made the young man's aim uncertain quite as much as the sudden jump did. At any rate, the bullet which Jake fired flew wild, and then Miles had a chance. He drew his pistol and shot Jake through the heart.

This part of the fight was all over in much less than



a minute, but old Bartlett Gibson was inside the bar-room of the hotel and had to be cared for. Miles drew another pistol at first, and then, to the surprise and apprehension of his friends, put it back again and ran toward the hotel. He met Gibson at the hotel door, as he had hoped to do. Gibson had a revolver in his hand, but Miles knocked it aside, and grabbing the old man by the neck, choked him into submission. This done, the people remembered something they had forgotten. Hod Miles was a deputy-sheriff. He had determined to arrest the old man and prosecute him according to law.

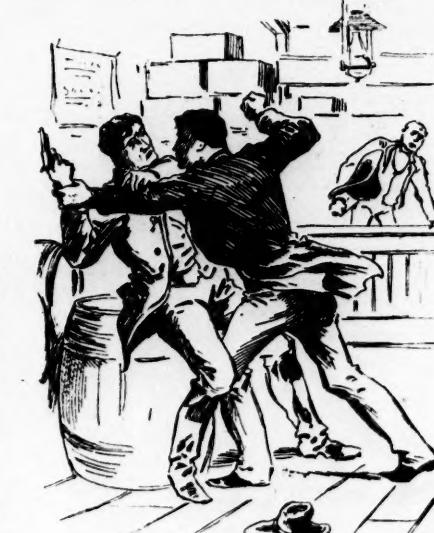
He proceeded at once to put his ideas into shape, and in less time than it takes to tell it Uncle Gibson was yanked to jail by the nervy Hod, and he will probably be convicted of carrying concealed weapons and perhaps be returned to Arkansas to answer the charge of moonshining.

The history of this wild-spirited shootist will, no doubt, prove interesting to the readers of the Police Gazette.

Hod Miles was born and brought up in Massachusetts, but, being of a roving disposition and ill fitted



for quiet country life, he determined to seek his fortune in the Wild West. To think, with him, was to act, and, packing up his few belongings, he started westward and finally located near Gainesville, Ozark county. He found the climate and soil to his taste, bought a quarter section of land for \$100, improved it, and finally got into trouble with the Gibson boys, all on account of an unusually charming Ozark Mountain lass. Miles had paid but little attention to her until Dan Gibson got jealous of him and tried to run him out of the country; but when this thing was undertaken Hod began to realize that the girl was really worth fighting for. He took her to a Christmas eve dance after she had declined to go with Dan Gibson, and Dan went to the ball to kill Miles. Miles heard he was coming for that purpose, and went prepared for a fight, for he had taken kindly to the Ozark Mountain habit of carrying a pistol, and was counted a good shot even there where the most skillful pistol



shots in the world, taking the community as a whole, are to be found. How the two happened to be crossing at opposite ends of the dancing hall at once when

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floor was empty, how Gibson strove to draw a heavy revolver, how Miles was quicker because his weapon was a light target pistol, and how he shot Gibson dead with the tiny pellet of lead, formed one of the most interesting stories of life in the Ozarks that is a part of the history of the wild region.

Gibson had three brothers who swore to kill the man who had shot Dan, but one after another they met the Yankee and found him quicker than they were, and died in the finding, until at last but one remained. He alone of the lot strove to bushwhack the man. He hid behind the team which Miles had hitched to a post in front of Davidson's store in Gainesville, with his revolver leveled waited for Miles to come out of the store.

Miles knew the man was there, and knew that he leave the store was death. To complicate the case he had left his pistols at home—had forgotten them. However, he borrowed one of Davidson, stepped to the door, stood there an instant with the pistol in his left hand and the muzzle up, and then with a motion too quick for the eye to follow dropped the muzzle outside the door frame and pulled the trigger. Gibson fell dead with a bullet through his brain. He was the last of the brothers, and every one supposed that the trouble was ended by his death.

With the killing of Jake Gibson, a new chapter is opened in the Miles-Gibson feud, but it is probably the last, as all of the Gibsons with the exception of Uncle Bartlett have been wiped out by Hod's little gun.

A FLITFUL DRUGGIST.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

H. H. Gregory, a druggist, of Kansas City, Mo., recently sold out his business and eloped with Mrs. Alice Tipton, a dashing blonde. Gregory went to Kansas City about three years ago, where, with the aid of his wife, and by close attention to business, he prospered. At one time he was rated as being worth over \$10,000. In the early part of last July Hiram Tipton, accompanied by a blonde, whom he represented as his wife, arrived in town. She one day entered the drug store to purchase a box of face powder, and became smitten with Gregory. Her visits became frequent. Last August Mrs. Gregory confronted the Tipton woman and threatened violence. Mrs. Tipton confessed her intimacy with Gregory. While the two women were in the store Gregory entered and learned what had occurred. He quarreled with his wife and left the store with a number of capsules of morphine. Later he was found lying under a box car with a number of the capsules strewn about. Antidotes were administered and he recovered. Tipton then moved to Chicago and was followed later by his wife. Now, Gregory is missing, says the Kansas City Star.

FIRED THROUGH A GLASS DOOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

If J. H. Myers, a traveling salesman for a New York liquor house, had headed the old song, "Boys, keep away from the girls, I say," he would not now be going around with a cut wrist and a number of bruises on his body. Mr. Myers met a young woman in front of the Atlantic Garden, in Cincinnati, recently. She invited him to call at her apartments. This Myers did, and is now sorry for doing so. When he rapped at his charmer's door it quickly opened, and he was in the arms of, not the lady, but burly toughs, who threw him down the stairs and through the glass of the front door. Myers then visited a drug store, where the druggist doctored up his badly battered person. Myers has sworn off visiting the rooms of strange ladies.

SHE PLUNKED THE BURGLAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Alice Kinney, a nineteen-year-old girl, who lives alone with her widowed mother on a farm in Charlotte, N. C., was awakened recently by a burglar in her room. Miss Kinney took a revolver from under her pillow and lay as if asleep. The man approached the bed, and concluding the young woman was sleeping soundly, muttered to himself: "She is purty, and guess I'll hab ter see her later." He then began ransacking a bureau. While at the drawers, he turned his head towards the bed, when Miss Kinney raised quickly in bed, and fired twice at the man's head. He died a few moments later. The burglar proved to be Sam Kerns, a negro. He was armed with a revolver.

SHE JUMPED THROUGH A WINDOW.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. Margaret J. Whelan recently applied for a divorce from her husband in a Chicago court, since which she has been living apart from him. A few days ago Whelan enticed his wife to live with him again. She entered their house and followed him to a room. After she had entered she noticed that the knobs of the door had been removed and their places taken with heavy staples. "Your minutes are numbered," exclaimed Whelan, flourishing a large knife. As her husband turned to move a clock the terrified woman escaped by jumping from a window to the street. She was injured seriously by the fall. The man was arrested.

CHARLES AUTENRIETH WANTED.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Thomas J. Powell, of New Lawrence, Mo., and Emil Rosenberger, of High Hill, Mo., have offered a reward of \$200 for the apprehension of Charles Autenrieth, who is under indictment in Montgomery county, Mo., for incest in two cases and has been a fugitive from justice since October, 1889. He is about 64 years old, is 5 feet 8 inches high and weighs 165 pounds; he has large blue eyes, sandy hair and whiskers mixed with gray, keeps his hair combed across his head to hide his bald head. Formerly he had a topknot and full beard; shortly before he ran away he had the topknot cut off, beard trimmed and mustache shaved off.

HE SPANKED PRETTY FLORENCE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Among the pupils who attend the little country school at Chapel Hill, N. J., is Miss Florence Norma Woodward, a pretty blonde of 17 years. Mr. A. M. Sullivan is the teacher. The teacher is 25 years of age, and is well built. So is Miss Florence. A few days ago, teacher Sullivan was charged by Miss Florence with hitting her with a switch, grabbing her by the wrists, throwing her over a desk, putting his knee on her to hold her down and spanking her so hard with his hand that it made her dizzy. The case was tried by Judge Ellis in the little court-room in the engine house. Sullivan had witnesses to prove that Miss Woodward fell over the desk. He swore that he

had called on four girls, who had gone home without leave, to stand, so that he might lecture them, and that Miss Woodward had become impudent to him and he had switched her a little with a rod. Justice Ellis decided in favor of Mr. Sullivan.

KIDNAPPED BY STUDENTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few nights ago, Professors Perry and Trowbridge, of Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Mich., were awakened by a loud rapping at their bedroom doors. They were told to dress as they were needed.

As the professors emerged from their rooms, they were seized and blindfolded, and their legs and arms pinioned. They were then placed upon the shoulders of men and taken to a cornfield half a mile out of the city, where they were left. After lying in the cornfield several hours the professors finally released themselves and made their way back to the college. The kidnappers were all masked. As the victims had had trouble with the students it is thought that they are the ones who did the kidnapping.

A PHENOMENAL JOCKEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

A portrait of Martin, better known as "Mattie" Bergen, appears in this issue. Bergen was born in California, of Irish parents, on Jan. 18, 1866. At an early age he went with his parents to Fordham, N. Y., where he began to ride race horses in an amateur way. In 1879, Bergen rode his first cross-country race on "Bay Rum." In 1882 he rode "Wader," in the Juvenile Stake, at Jerome Park, N. Y., but was ruled off for one year. Bergen then went to the Brighton Beach track, where he rode his first winning mount on "Lancewood." Since then his successes have been phenomenal.

TWO PLUCKY MAIDENS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The residence of Mr. John Rue, of Franklin Township, Mo., was recently burned to the ground. Two young men were arrested for setting fire to the house, and were held in custody of Constable Hanley and Deputy Lindsay. A few nights after the arrest, while the constable and deputy were guarding the prisoners, two young women, Swan Lathrom and Belle Smith, entered the room and held the officers while the prisoners made their escape. The women were arrested, and are now occupying the cells lately occupied by their lovers.

CARVED THE WRONG MAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Kirkpatrick, of Troy, N. Y., was jealous of his wife, and suspected that she was receiving visits from a well-known business man of that city. Arming himself with a pair of shears, he laid in wait in the hallway to give the visitor a warm reception. Mr. Francis, who lives in the flat over Kirkpatrick, was returning home, and had entered the hall, when he was mistaken by Kirkpatrick for the man of whom he was jealous. Kirkpatrick plunged the shears into Francis' face. Francis is disfigured for life.

FROLICKY MASQUERADERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently, while the train for Palermo, N. Y., was crossing a desolate tract of country, the carriages were invaded by a crowd of bandits, who robbed the passengers of their jewelry and a large sum of money. The victims grew suspicious that the robbers were not as terrible as they appeared, and were nothing more than the train hands. Plucking up courage the passengers arrested the train hands and recovered their jewelry and money, and consigned the frollicky masqueraders to jail in Palermo.

"THE WHISTLING COON."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This week we introduce to our readers a fac-simile of the features of Eugene Stratton, "The Whistling Coon," who is now in London. Stratton was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in the year 1861. He appeared on the minstrel stage when but ten years of age and is there still. He was one of the original Haverly Mastodon Minstrels, with whom he went to England. While in England he joined the ranks of Moore & Burgess' Minstrels. Stratton is a son-in-law to "Pony" Moore.

SHE SHAVED HER LOVER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

For sometime past the wife of a blacksmith residing in Strausstown, Pa., has been annoyed by the advances of a man living in the village. A few days ago Whelan enticed his wife to live with him again. She invited him to her house and there cut off his long beard with a knife sharpened for the occasion. The act created considerable excitement in Strausstown and its surroundings.

SHE REJECTED HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Harry L. Frankland shot Miss Lillian Moore, recently, on Rhode Island avenue, near Fourth street, Washington, D. C., because she would not listen to his addresses. He fired five shots, one taking effect in the forehead and one in the left wrist. The young lady was not dangerously wounded. Frankland is well connected and has no regular occupation. He has been married once and divorced.

SQUANDERED \$1,250,000.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Sporting men, more especially those of Europe, will recognize on another page the portrait of Ernest Benzoni, better known as the "Jubilee Juggins," who lost a fortune of £250,000—\$1,250,000—in two years. Benzoni, after having gotten rid of his own wealth, covetous of that of others, and he is now doing laundry work in the lock-up at Nice with the government as his employer.

DIED BY THE WAYSIDE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

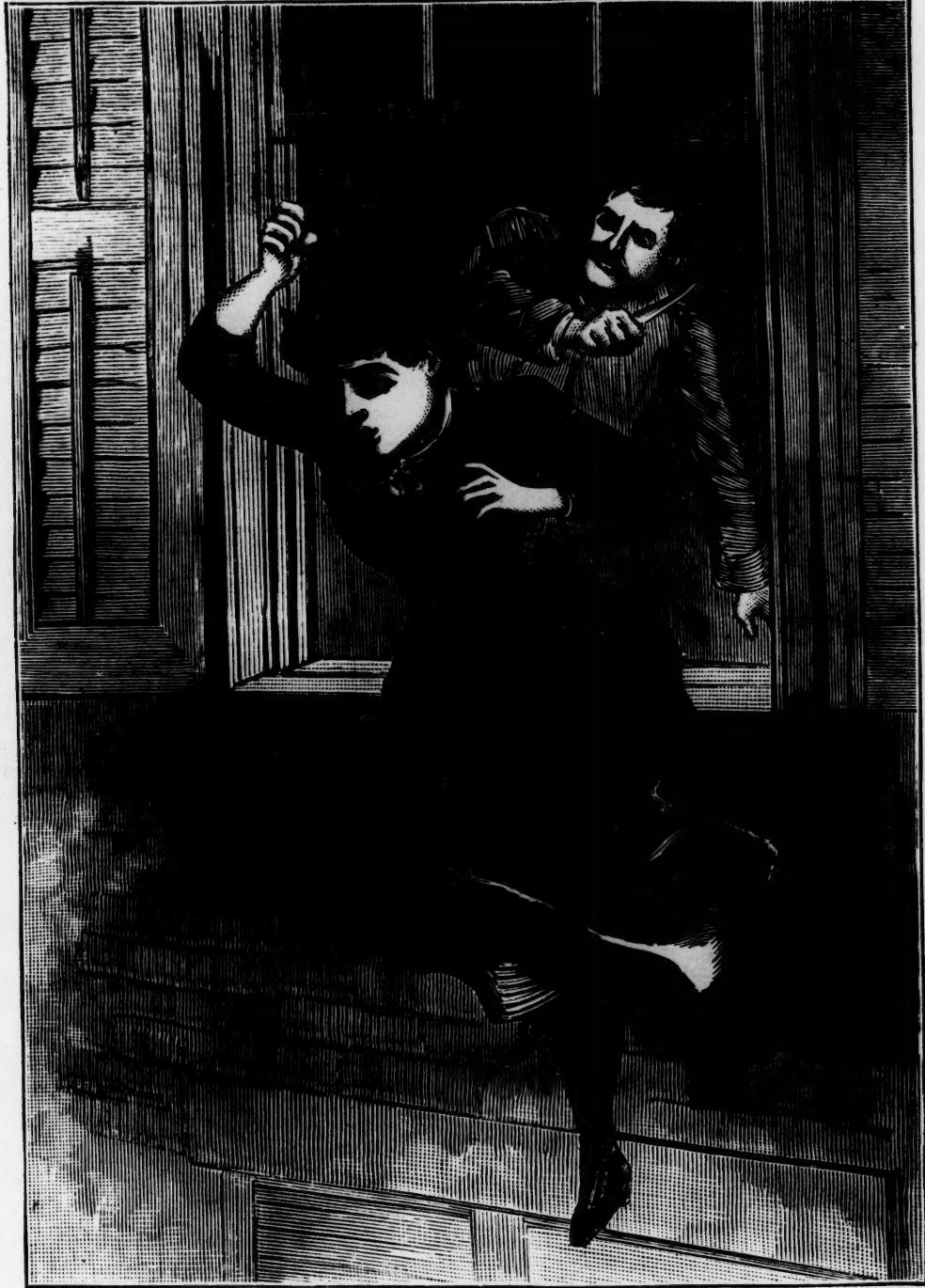
Rosie McCusker, of Paterson, N. J., was found recently lying dead in a snowbank. When Dr. Johnson examined the body he found \$212.02, wrapped in a cloth, bound around her right leg. The girl's death was caused by alcoholism accelerated by cold. The money found on her person was the last of an inheritance recently received by the woman.

ONE DOLLAR sent to this office will pay for a three months' subscription to the POLICE GAZETTE. Try it.



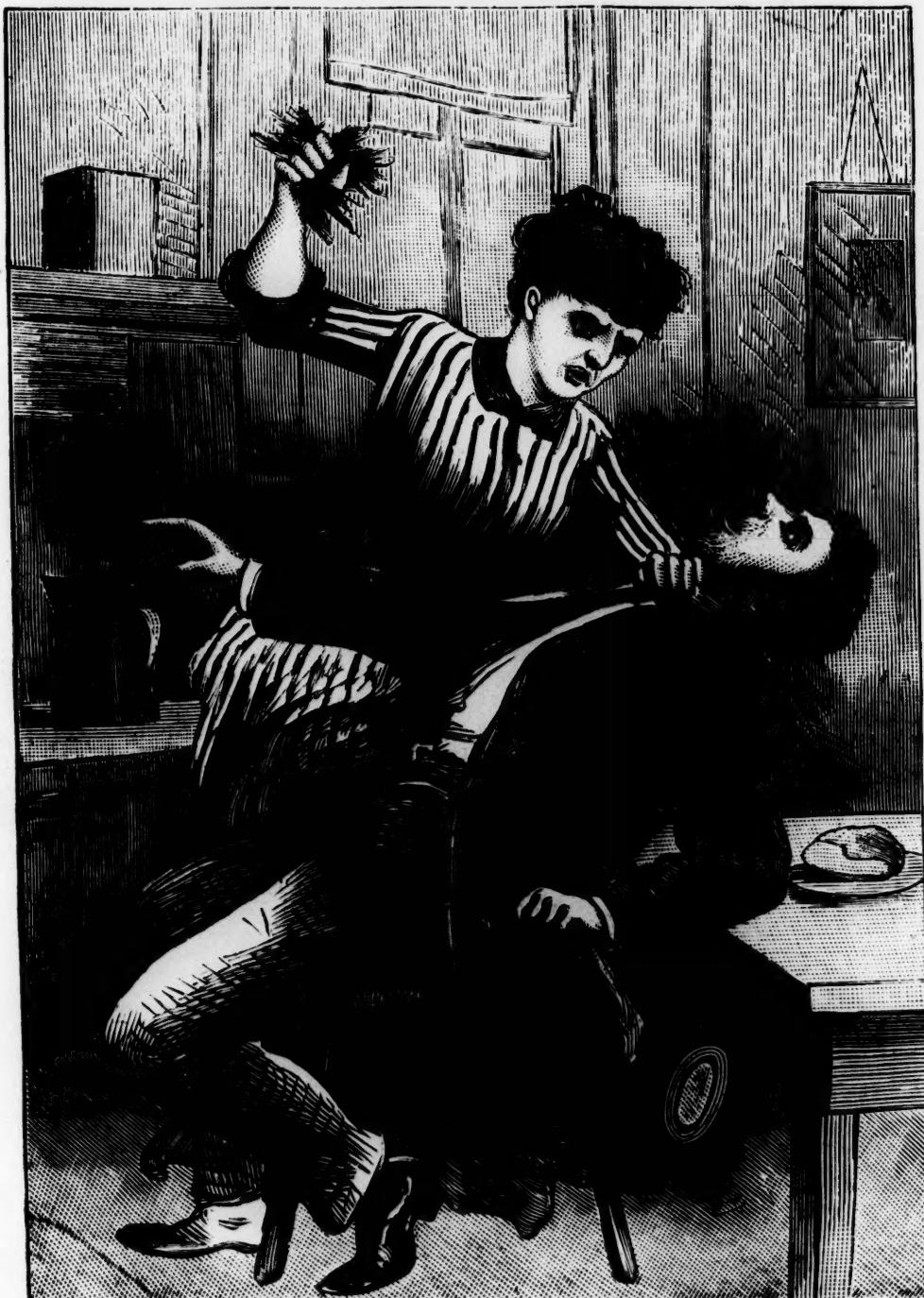
KIDNAPED BY STUDENTS.

CHIPPER SCHOLARS IN THE KALAMAZOO, MICH., COLLEGE HAVE LOTS OF FUN WITH TWO OF THEIR DIGNIFIED PROFESSORS.



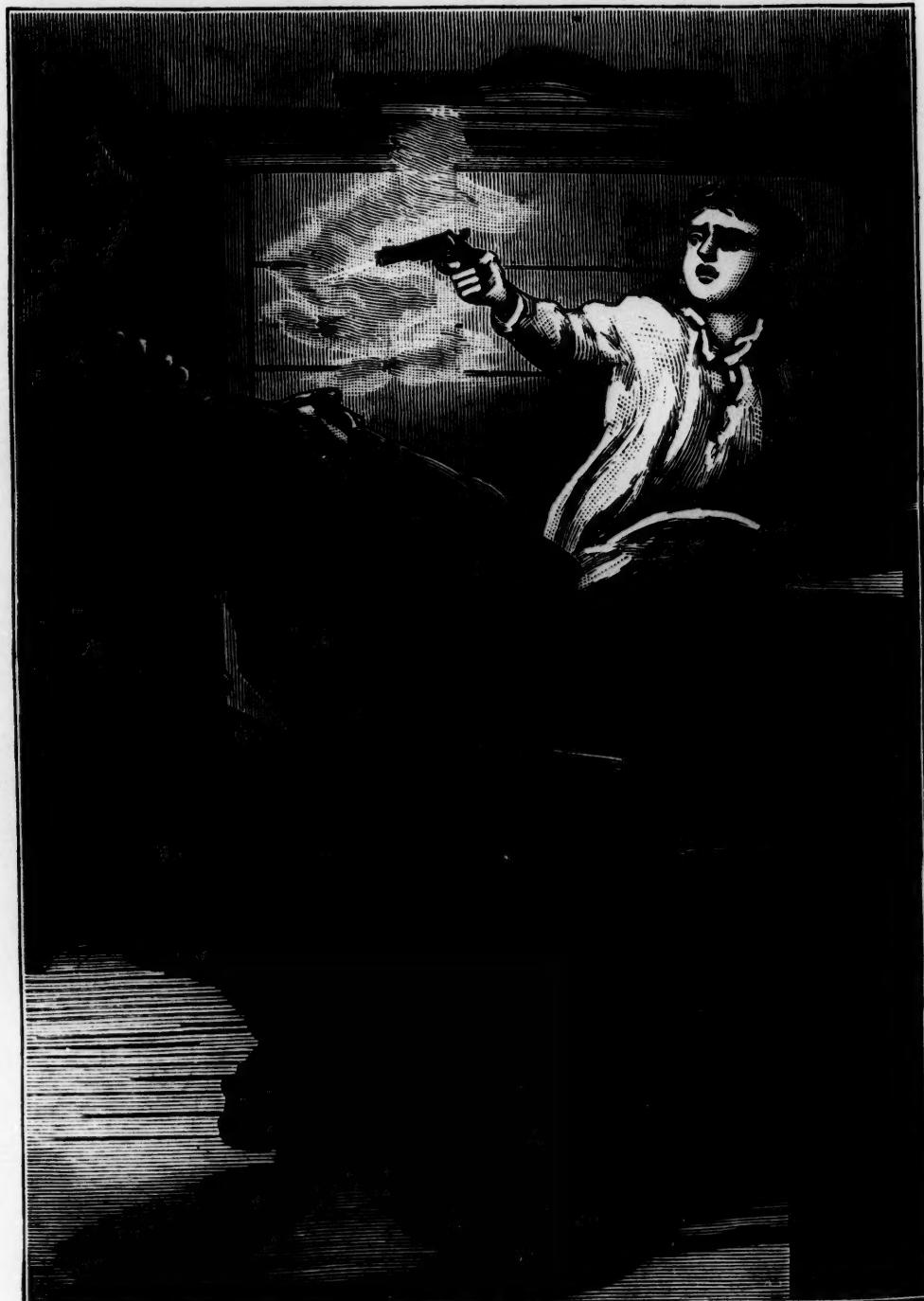
SHE JUMPED THROUGH A WINDOW.

MRS. MARGARET T. WHELAN, OF CHICAGO, IN ESCAPING FROM A MURDEROUS HUSBAND IS SEVERELY INJURED.



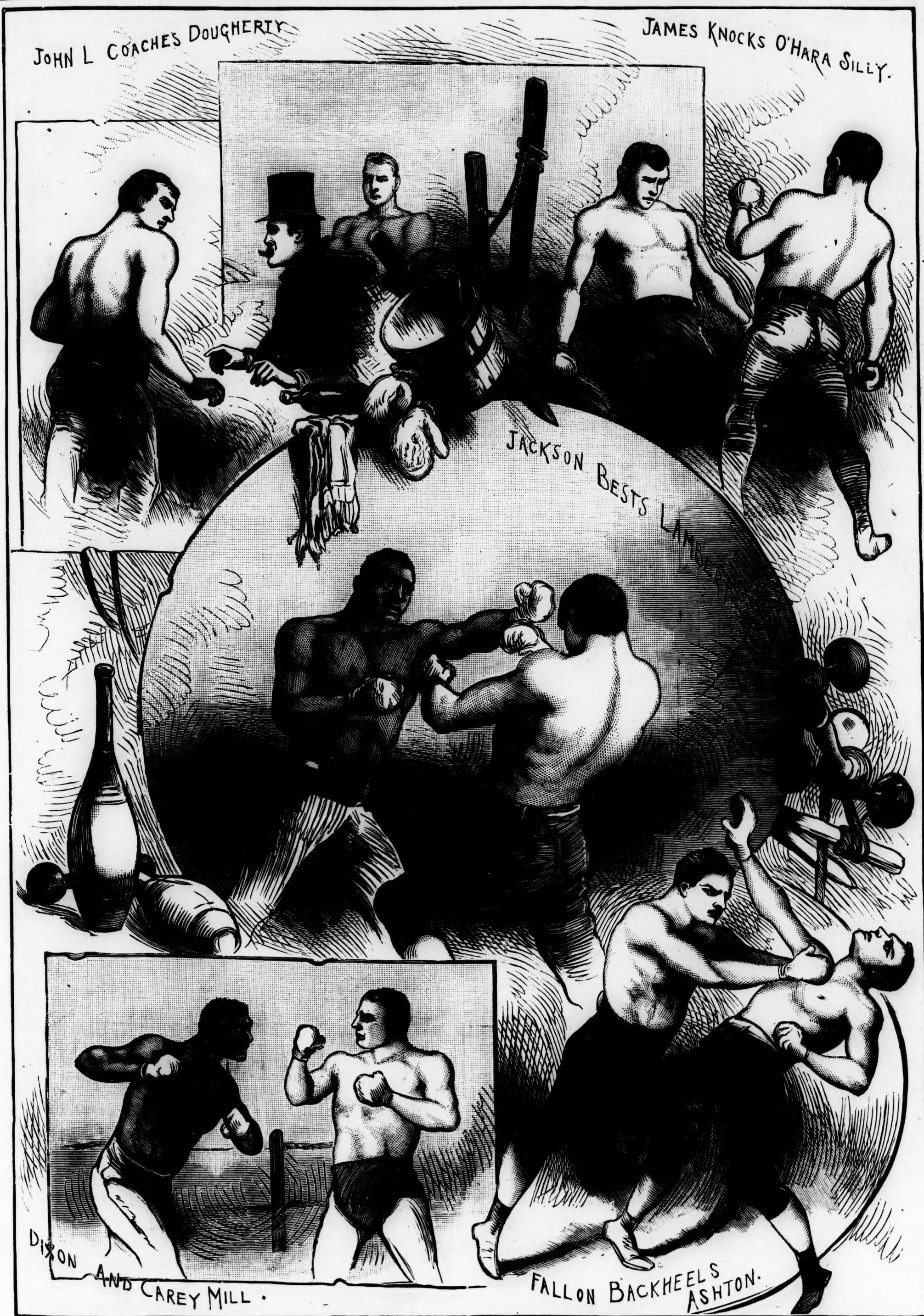
SHE SHAVED HER LOVER.

THE WIFE OF A STRAUSSSTOWN, PA., CITIZEN CARVES OFF THE BEARD OF AN OBJECTIONABLE BUT PERSISTENT WOOPER.



SHE PLUNKED THE BURGLAR.

MISS ALICE KINNEY, A CHARLOTTE, N. C., BEAUTY, CORRALS A BURGLAR IN HER BEDROOM AND KILLS HIM WITH HER LITTLE GUN.



A BRISK PUGILISTIC WEEK.

THE LIVELY CONTESTS BETWEEN JACKSON AND LAMBERT, DIXON AND CAREY, ASHTON AND FALLON, DOUGHERTY AND LYNCH, AND JAMES AND O'HARA.

(MARCH 22, 1890.)

SOME FIERCE FIGHTING.

Brisk Pugilism in All Parts of the "Rosy."

MANY MILLS OF INTEREST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

DIXON DOWNS CAREY.

A tremendous crowd of sporting men journeyed to Hoboken, N. J., on March 5 to witness the glove fight between George Dixon, the colored pugilist, and Jack Carey of Jersey City. The colored feather-weight champion was advertised to knock Carey out in four rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Many doubted the wonderful colored boxer's ability to accomplish such a difficult feat, and there was brisk speculation on the result, odds being laid that Carey would not be knocked out in the four rounds or within 12 minutes, the time allowed by the "Police Gazette" rules, including the rests. Bob Drew, the assistant starter of the New Jersey Jockey Club, was selected referee. Dixon was seconded by Thomas O'Rourke, his backer, and Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider," while Tommy Collins and a friend handled the New Jersey feather-weight. The first round was well contested, and the New Jersey champion demonstrated that he was both quick and clever.

The second round was by far more desperate than the first, and Dixon managed to plant his right heavily on the New Jersey champion's dial, right between the two eyes, which dazed him. Dixon followed up this advantage and upper-cut Carey several times, and tried to knock him out with a right-hand blow. Carey fought on the defensive and the round ended without Dixon winning. In the third round Dixon forced the fighting at lightning pace. He delivered left and right-handed blows on Carey's body and face until the New Jersey champion was in Queen street, when, with a tremendous swing, the wonderful darky's right made a circle through the air and landed like a shot from a catapult on the New Jersey champion's jaw, and the latter fell like a log with his brain in a whirl. The auctioneer had done the business and then the police jumped on the stage. Dixon was declared the winner amid tremendous cheers.

ASHTON AND FALCON FEROCIOUS.

The "benefit" to Jack Fallon at the Palace Rink, Brooklyn, E. D., on March 4, attracted a crowd at fifty cents and one dollar a head. The announcement that Fallon was going to meet Peter Jackson and Jack Ashton, and, to use the vernacular, "try to do them," attracted the crowd. Bob Smith, the veteran pugilist and trainer, was master of ceremonies, and his judgment twice during the show prevented a row. Police Captain Martin Short had charge of the stage, and he kept the ambitious spectators from crowding into the ring. The bout between Ashton and Fallon was a slashing one after the first round. Fallon was doing his best in this round to knock Ashton out, but "he never got on" until the end of the round. In the second round it was a battle in earnest. Both men used the daddies to perfection. Ashton let go his right twice, and the last time it would have had a damaging effect on Fallon's jugular if it had landed, but Fallon fell on his knees and thus missed it.

In the third round there was a buzz among the audience when the ruffly pugilists faced each other. Fallon was eager and anxious and forced the fighting, and it was give and take, both swinging their rights with tremendous force at every opportunity. Ashton, although not in condition, clearly demonstrated that he is a tremendous hitter, and his blows appeared to have more effect than Fallon's. After 2 minutes' desperate fighting both clinched and Fallon back-heeled Ashton unawares (which is an unfair advantage and foul), and Ashton fell on his face and right side, with Fallon on top of him. Intense excitement prevailed among the crowd, who hissed Fallon. Ashton at once jumped up and commenced to punch Fallon all around the ring, urged on by the crowd and yell of "Knock him dead, Jack!" "Punch his head off!" Bob Smith could not separate the pugilists, for Fallon was in the race, and how it would have ended is a matter of conjecture if the police had not stopped it. Ashton, after the bout, offered to fight Fallon, and the latter agreed to meet him. Later Fallon and Peter Jackson met, and it was a slashing set-to, Jackson demonstrating his superiority in the final round.

JACK DOUGHERTY AND TOMMY LYNCH.

A slashing mill, with skin gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, was fought on March 5, at the Atlantic Highlands, between Jack Dougherty, the famous light weight of Philadelphia, and Tommy Lynch of New York.

Only a limited number of spectators were present, including John L. Sullivan, Jim Barclay, James Cusick, the well-known boniface of No. 15 Broadway; Eugene Hornbacker, Jack Barnett, Billy Martin, Lou Ackerman, James Lavelle, Joe Earley, Dan Conners and W. E. Harding. It was 1 A. M. when the men entered the ring.

Lynch weighed 130 pounds and Dougherty 128 pounds. Spider Miller and Billy Daly seconded Lynch, while George Reynolds and Jack Hurley seconded Dougherty. John L. Sullivan was in the Philadelphia corner.

When the men were called together Dougherty was apparently a trifle the taller, but that was because he was not so stocky as Lynch, who appeared to be much the stronger of the two. In the very first round there was a sharp rally at in fighting at the side of the ring, in which both men landed some hard blows. Both were quick, but Lynch's body blows seemed to be the harder. He got a black eye in the encounter, however.

In the succeeding rounds Dougherty showed himself to be clever at smashing with either hand and getting away. He was impartial in his delivery and gave the New Yorker's ribs and stomach as much as his face. Lynch returned some of the blows, and it certainly seemed as though he put a good deal of force in his raps. In fact, his appearance and apparent power made many people think him a sure winner up to the last minute.

Dougherty was good at ducking, too, and was shifty on his legs. Sullivan was plainly pleased with his new protege.

When the men went back to their corners after the sixth round the spectators came to the conclusion that they were a well-matched pair and settled down in expectation of seeing a long battle. Imagine their surprise when Bill Daly announced that he had to make an apology. "I'm sorry to say, gentlemen," said he, "that I've got a quitter. I never had one before in my life." The fight then ended.

JACKSON AND LAMBERT BOX.

The Peter Jackson combination under the management of Chas. E. Davies, appeared at Bicycle Hall, Troy, N. Y., on March 5. About 2,000 persons were present, it having been announced in Albany, Greenbush, Cohoes, and Lansingburg, that Gus Lambert, the heavy-weight champion of Canada, was going to try and defeat the colored champion of Australia and the Pacific Slope. Jackson had offered \$100 to any man who would stand before him for four rounds, and Lambert agreed to accept Jackson's offer. Lambert weighs 220 pounds, and has figured in many ring contests. He is also an A. No. 1 wrestler, and is well-known in all parts of the United States and Canada. Chas. E. Davies on being introduced, made a short speech, and then introduced Jackson and Lambert, and after the usual "shake hands" the battle began. Jackson was careful and wary, while Lambert had mischief in eye, and after landing right and left on Jackson's anatomy, received a damaging blow from Jackson's left on the brain box, and another on the listener. Lambert's Canadian-French blood was up and he grabbed Jackson around the waist and pandemonium reigned until the men were separated.

In the second round, after a brisk exchange of blows, Lambert again clinched with Jackson.

In the third round, when Jackson saw that Lambert persisted in hugging him, he attempted to fight him away, but Lambert would not have it. He picked Jackson up and ran across the

platform with him and would have thrown him over the ropes had it not been for Ashton who caught him. Some hard fighting was done in the corner, and when the men reached the center of the ring again they were both blowing hard. Lambert struck Jackson a blow that staggered him.

In the fourth round Jackson fought for his life, but when time was called Lambert was in as good shape as the Australian. Jackson refused to shake hands with Lambert and the latter offered to fight Jackson to a finish, but Jackson declined.

We present an excellent portrait of Peter Jackson on another page of this issue.

THE DIXON AND FARRELL BOUT.

George Dixon, the colored feather-weight who fought seventy rounds and a draw with Cal McCarthy for the feather-weight championship of America, on March 3, made his debut at Parepa Hall, New York, as a knockout-out. Dixon was advertised to knock out Billy Welton, and Tommy Kelly, the Harlem Spider, who recently defeated Chaplin Moran, was also billed to knock out Hugh Boyle of Elizabeth, N. J. The announcement of these encounters did not receive much publicity; nevertheless a large crowd of sports were present, including Peter Jackson, Dominick McCaffrey, Barney Maguire, Dave Holland, Pat Sharkey, Frank Stevenson and others. Welton was on hand, but carried his arm in splints, while Boyle failed to appear. Jack Glasye, however, attempted to win the \$25 offered to any feather-weight that would stand up 4 rounds before Kelly, and P. H. Black agreed to give Glasye \$50 if he was not beaten in four rounds. Glasye would have been knocked out in the last round only that the "powers that be" stopped the contest and Kelly was declared the winner. Glasye received \$25.

After a boxing bout between Paddy McGuigan and Johnny Banks, the announcement was made that Joe Farrell, of Harlem, had agreed to stand up for 4 rounds against the colored phenomenon. Only 2 rounds were fought when Dixon had Farrell up, and a few more rallies would have ended the affair by a knock-out when Farrell hoisted signals of distress and lowered his colors.

Dixon proved himself a wonder and proved that he is a capital judge of distance, a clever general and ring tactician, and a two-handed fighter. He is, without doubt, one of the best feather-weights now in the ring, and it will take an exceptional first-class man to defeat him. It is said he gained many of the excellent points in boxing from the POLICE GAZETTE book, "Boxing and How to Train."

MINERS MILL IN FREELAND, PA.

A desperate prize fight, according to London rules, was fought on March 1 at Freeland, Pa. The principals were Thomas Jarrett and Gwynn Williams. Both men are middle-weights, and follow the occupation of miners. This battle was a long and desperate one, and both men punished each other terribly. There was little science displayed, and both men paid little respect to the rules. Up to the twenty-fifth round Williams, who was the heavier and taller, had the best of it. In that round Jarrett hit him a terrible right-hand blow under the chin that almost knocked him out. From that time on until the fifty-second round both men were unable to respond to the call of the referee, and he called the fight a draw. Time, 2 hours.

JAMES BREAKS O'HARA UP.

A special to the POLICE GAZETTE from Peabody, Mass., dated March 5, gives the particulars of a bitter contest between Ned James and Denney O'Hara, who fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$500, on the preceding night. James closed O'Hara's eyes, broke his nose, and, in the fifty-ninth round, knocked him out. The battle lasted 3 hours 55 minutes. O'Hara's arm was broken in the last round.

OTHER IMPORTANT FIGHTS.

Martin Flaherty, of Lowell, Mass., and George Wright, fought at 108 lbs. for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules, at the Bay State Athletic Club, on March 5. Flaherty knocked the Canadian out on a blow on the jaw in the seventh round, after fighting 26 minutes 30 seconds.

Ed Connolly, of Cambridge, Mass., beat Henry Donnigan, for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules, in 6 rounds, lasting 22 minutes, at the Bay State Athletic Club, Boston, Mass., on March 5. Connolly is the pugilist who some time ago knocked out Tim Ryan at Buffalo.

A slashing mill was decided near Billingsport, Pa., on March 6, between Bill Bailey, the well-known colored pugilist, and Mike Boden, "the Canuck." The men fought for £200, put up by sporting men of Camden, N. J. A tug boat carried the sports to the battle ground, where a ring was erected and the preliminaries quickly arranged. The battle was a desperate one and both men were severely punished. Boden displayed the most science, and time and again he landed left and right with terrific force on Bailey's body. Twenty rounds were fought, when Bailey, who was evidently looking for a stopping-off place, fell without a blow. Boden's seconds claimed foul and a scene of indescribable confusion ensued, when the referee declared Boden the winner.

Two slashing glove fights, according to "Police Gazette" rules, were fought for purses offered by the Brockton Athletic Club, at Brockton, Mass., on March 6. Ed Neagle and John Burke, both of Boston, were 130 pound contestants in the first match, and they promptly adopted the rushing, give-and-take method of doing business. Burke had rather the best of it in the first, and scored a knock-down just before the call of time. In the second Neagle was fought all around the ropes, and seemed very groggy. In the third Neagle brightened up, but in the middle of the next he gave up and acknowledged that he was no match for his opponent.

Morris Callahan of Brockton and George Badger of Quincy were the next couple. In the first round honors were pretty easy. There was considerable clinching, and Callahan's swinging upper cuts did not seem to work. In the second round there was fully as much hugging as swinging, and Callahan threw his opponent, refused to break, hit him when down and would not go to his corner at the call of time. He was warned by the referee that a repetition would give the honors to the other man, and this same to pass in the third round.

Jack Heffernan of Miner's Mills and Jack Carter, of Maltby, Pa., fought according to London prize ring rules at Miner's Mills, Pa., on March 8, for \$200. Patsy Gibbons seconded Heffernan and Roger Swayze seconded Carter. Mrs. Heffernan, the mother of Jack Heffernan, stood by the ring and anxiously watched the progress of the mill. Heffernan is 5 feet 7 inches high and weighed 160 pounds, and Carter is 5 feet 11 inches high and weighed 170 pounds.

The fight was a desperate one, lasting 54 minutes. Carter's superior weight and height gave him a decided advantage at the start, and for the first five rounds he forced his opponent all over the ring, but Heffernan was by far the most scientific man and avoided the big man's rushes until he began to get winded.

From the seventh to the fifteenth round the fighting was very stubborn and the hitting hard on both sides. Heffernan got in two blows to Carter's one and played chiefly on the big fellow's ribs and jaw. After the fifteenth round Carter began to weaken, but up to the twenty-fourth round, though Heffernan had the best of it, the fight was still doubtful. In that round, however, Heffernan, after putting in several terrific blows on the ribs, got home on Carter's jaw with a swinging right hand and broke several of his teeth, and landed him on the grass in a dazed condition. When time was called for the next round his second threw up the sponge. The stakes were \$100 a side.

Tom Featherside fought a draw with Jen Hines for a \$200 purse due, at Westchester, N. Y. Twelve rounds were fought in 47 minutes.

At Ottawa, Canada, on Feb. 25, in the figure skating contest for the amateur championship, M. Rubenstein, of Montreal, was given first place, with 341 2-3 points. L. Perelra, of Ottawa, was a good second, obtaining 335 2-3 points. George D. Phillips, of New York, secured 320 points, and H. Rubenstein 311. The ice was somewhat soft and tended considerably to keep the scoring down. The total possible number of points was 420.

THIRTEEN WEEKS FOR ONE DOLLAR.—Send your name and address with \$1, and the POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed regularly each week for three months.

OUR CABLEGRAMS

And Telegrams From All Parts of the World.

PUGILISTIC AND SPORTING.

The following special cables were received from George W. Atkinson:

LONDON, March 4, 1890.

Charley Mitchell has posted a forfeit with the Sporting Life, and issued a challenge to fight Slavin the Australian champion, with gloves, for £1,000. Mitchell's challenge to meet Slavin has created quite a sensation.

John Goode, who fought Jake Kirkin in America, has challenged Bill Dog Harrington to fight for £200.

Roquefort heavy favorite for Grand National.

Dick Howell challenges any man in America to ride bicycle, one to ten miles, £100 to £500.

ATKINSON.

LONDON, March 8, 1890.

Josh Cosnett, who is matched against Jack Wannop for £200, will fight Jen Smith if he defeats Wannop, for £500 a side and championship of England. The Pelican Club will at next meeting probably offer purses for Toff Wall and Jack Dempsey, the American champion, and Nunc Wallace and George Dixon to contend for.

Charley Mitchell will be tried for felonious assault and attempt to kill by Bill Goode, whom he struck with a poker. Tony Moore is trying to induce Goode not to press the charge, but Goode's father and brother, both pugilists, are obdurate.

ATKINSON.

LONDON, March 8, 1890.

The Young Men's Gymnasium Club will give a purse of \$1,000 for Tommy Danforth to box Jimmy Lynch, the 122-pound champion of New York. Danforth here.

PUNCH CARR,

3302 Second ave., cor. 11th St., N. Y. City.

Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the "Police Gazette," turns out everything he puts his hands to in first-class style. He has just forwarded me by last mail copies of his calendar for 1890, printed in six different colors. Above the calendar there is a splendidly executed photograph of Mr. Fox, and beneath an engraving of his famous establishment in Franklin Square, the largest and most complete of the kind in the world. The calendar itself is of an original character, each month being in large figures on a separate sheet, to be pulled off when a new month is entered upon, and the whole is an imitative and beautiful example of the combination of design and art, which the establishment takes pride in introducing into all its various publishing enterprises.—*Newtowns Chronicle, Ireland.*

The following are the dates recently arranged for the great racing campaign of 1890 in all parts of the United States: Washington, D. C., April 1 to 5; New Orleans, La. (spring meeting), April 2 to 8; Birmingham, Ala., April 9 to 15; San Francisco, Cal., April 12 to 16; Memphis, Tenn., April 12 to 22; Nashville, Tenn., April 26 to May 2; Lexington, Ky., May 6 to 12; Louisville, Ky., May 14 to 23; Brooklyn, N. Y., May 16 to 30; Chicago, Ill. (West Side Park), May 16 to June 20; New York (Grand Central), May 30 to June 14; Latonia, Ky., May 24 to June 9; St. Louis, Mo., June 7 to 20; Kansas City, Mo., June 10 to 19; Coney Island Jockey Club, June 17 to July 2; Pontiac, Ill. (Washington Park), June 21 to July 19; Coney Island Jockey Club, Aug. 1 to 20; Pontiac, Ill., Aug. 20 to Sept. 18; Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 18 to 30.

The following special was received at this office:

NEW ORLEANS, March 6, 1890.

The Young Men's Gymnasium Club will give a purse of \$1,000 for Tommy Danforth to box Jimmy Lynch, the 122-pound champion of New York. Danforth here.

J. C. COLLINS, Chairman.

The following was sent in reply:

NEW YORK, March 6.

C. G. COLLINS, Young Men's Gymnasium Club, New Orleans—Will box Tommy Danforth any time in April. Send ticket.

JAMES LYNCH, 122 pound Champion of America.

Kansas City and Chicago sportsmen had a gala day at Grand Crossing, Ill., on March 6, shooting pigeons. The team representing Kansas City won by a nose. The total scores were: Kansas City, 211; Chicago, 210. Five teams of two men each shot at 500 birds. The birds did not fly well, and snow being on the ground it was difficult to obtain a good sight. R. B. Organ was captain of the Chicago team, and J. H. McGee looked after the interests of Kansas City. John Watson was referee. Ground traps were used. The contests were of 50 birds to each man.

Edward Bingham defeated M. J. Eich, 45 to 42; William Anderson defeated G. B. Folton, 46 to 42; F. B. Mussey defeated W. B. Twitchell, 45 to 36; F. E. Chouteau defeated Abner Kleinman, 45 to 42; L. H. Vories defeated Abner Price, 40 to 39. In each case, except that of Mussey, the victor was Kansas City. Anderson killed 22 birds straight. In the evening the visitors were entertained at the Auditorium.

Mile, Armainedo of Omaha, the female champion bicyclist, has returned from her tour through England and France, and she is stopping in New York. Recently she called at this office, and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, March 7, 1890.

Having just arrived in New York from England, I am ready to ride from 10 to 1,000 miles on a bicycle against any lady rider in America for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the

LONG-WINED FIGHTS.

A Comparison of Ancient And Modern Mills.

JACK DEMPSEY'S PROSPECTS.

The result of the glove contest between Patsy Kerrigan of Boston and Danny Needham of St. Paul, Minn., fought on Feb. 27 and 28 at the California Athletic Club, was a record breaker. The battle, for the time it lasted, knocked smitthers out of all previous prize ring encounters, both with and without gloves, for the battle lasted 6 hours 55 minutes, and was the longest fistic encounter ever fought by either "Police Gazette," Queenberry or prize ring rules in any country.

The crowd that witnessed the mill must have been completely fatigued out sitting for nearly eight hours looking at two men battle through 100 monotonous 3-minute rounds and then with no result. Years ago, long protracted struggles in the prize ring—that is, contests that lasted over four hours—were rare occurrences, but now they are becoming fashionable, both with and without the mullers.

The longest battle ever fought in a prize ring before the Kerrigan and Needham contest at San Francisco, was the battle between Jonathan Smith of Australia and James Kelly at Flery Creek, Melbourne, Australia, May 1, 1854. The battle lasted 6 hours 15 minutes, just 24 minutes less than the Needham and Kerrigan battle.

Smith was an Englishman, and was born at Norwich in 1822, and had already fought several battles. Kelly was born in Ireland in 1831, stood 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height and weighed 147 pounds.

Kelly came to this country about thirty-five years ago, and resides in New Jersey. On Sept. 15, 1859, Kelly fought Ned Price (now Edmund C. Price, the lawyer), for \$2,000 at Point Alibino, Canada. Price easily defeated Kelly in 10 rounds, lasting 32 minutes. Price's easy defeat of Australian Kelly conclusively proved that his 6 hour 15 minute battle in Australia was a humbug as far as the Australian's abilities were concerned, for he was a failure as a pugilist in this country.

Probably the greatest and most protracted battle that was ever fought in the prize ring, and the longest on record in England, was the contest between Mike Madden and Bill Hayes. They fought according to London prize ring rules for £200 at Edenbridge, England, July 17, 1849.

One hundred and eighty-five rounds were fought in 6 hours 3 minutes, when Hayes won. The Madden and Hayes fight will always be considered the greatest battle ever fought. In the first place, it was according to London prize ring rules, and ended in a victory for one of the principals.

Another remarkable prize ring encounter was the battle fought between James J. Nellig (now teacher at the Raquette Club, in New York City) and John Fitzpatrick. They fought for \$1,000 at Berwick, Me., Dec. 4, 1860, according to London prize ring rules. The second round lasted 1 hour 10 minutes, and 66 rounds were fought in 4 hours 20 minutes. This battle is the longest, according to prize ring rules, ever fought in America.

Up to 1878 the longest battle on record, fought with gloves, occurred at London, England, Aug. 18, 1878, when Joe Fowler, now in New York, and Tommy Hawkins fought 61 rounds in 3 hours 23 minutes.

American pugilists beat the record in 1879 for the longest glove fight on record. The principals were Prof. Mike Donovan, now teacher of boxing at the New York Athletic Club, and Prof. Wm. C. McClellan, the boxing teacher of Wood's Gymnasium, New York. They fought according to Queenberry rules in San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 18, 1879. Ninety-three rounds were fought in 3 hours 49 minutes.

The next longest glove fight, which beat all previous records, was the one between Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, and Jimmy Welsh. They fought in a room in Philadelphia, April 10, 1884, and 76 rounds were fought in 6 hours, 3 minutes and 45 seconds.

In 1889 the record of the longest glove fight was twice beaten in this country.

Billy Mahan and George Mulholland fought on Jan. 9, 1889, at San Francisco, with gloves, according to Queenberry rules. The battle lasted 87 rounds, lasting 5 hours 45 minutes, which wiped out the long-winded and protracted fight of time Welsh and Sheriff fought.

Another great battle which was fought last year, but did not set the record, was the battle between Billy Meyer and Jack McAuliffe, for \$5,000 and the "Police Gazette" championship belt. They fought 64 rounds and a draw in 4 hours 15 minutes. The fight would have probably tied, if not equalled, the Mahan & Mulholland battle, but the referee, Mike McDonald, of Chicago, got weary and cold and refused to occupy his position any longer.

Another desperate battle, which was remarkable for the length of time it lasted, was the encounter between Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider, and Frank Murphy, of England, for a purse of \$3,500, the "Police Gazette" championship belt. The battle was fought in 4 hours and 39 minutes. Then followed the Mahan & Mulholland battle, but the referee, Mike McDonald, of Chicago, got weary and cold and refused to occupy his position any longer.

The Weir and Murphy battle did not end the long battles fought in 1889, for Frank Murphy again showed his staying powers in a long winded encounter with Tommy Warren, at San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 24, 1889. They fought for a purse of \$1,200 and the "Police Gazette" championship feather-weight belt. Sixty-eight desperate rounds were contested in 4 hours 31 minutes, when the referee got tired and left the ring.

Judging by the opening of two of the most important battles, with the exception of the Dempsey-McCarthy battle, fought this year long-contested glove fights are going to continue.

The battle between Cal McCarthy and George Dixon, the colored pugilist, was fought on Feb. 7, at Boston; 70 rounds were fought in 4 hours and 39 minutes. Then followed the Kerrigan and Needham mill, the longest on record glove fight.

It is my opinion that the cause of these long battles is that the gloves used are too large or the pugilists do not have the power or strength to give a deciding blow.

If pugilists continue to battle with the big pillows that are generally used in the California Athletic Club, it will not be surprising if even the big record is beaten.

The first half of the billiard tournament recently arranged for the benefit of the billiard-table trade, ended in this city at Chickering Hall on March 1. The affair was a failure monetarily, and the only interesting game was the contest between George Slosson and Jacob Schaefer, which was played on March 1 and, strange to say, ended in a victory for Slosson, who beat Schaefer 187 points in 500.

Schaefer's defeat created quite a sensation, and several who had put up odds that he would beat Slosson, in fact was the only horse in the race outside of the champion, pocketed their losses with regret, while among the "ring" there was weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth.

The final game between the champion and Slosson was merely history repeating itself. Schaefer is not the first

heavy favorite that has been beaten. If the long odds had been on Slosson I have not the least doubt but that Schaefer might have played in better luck or made bigger runs.

A match for \$1,000 or \$2,500 a side between the victor and the vanquished would now be in order, and it is needless for me to state if Slosson and Schaefer were to play tomorrow the vanquished in the last game of the alleged tournament would be a big favorite.

The surprise of the tournament was the strange, unexpected defeat of Schaefer, who was backed at \$1,000 to \$700 to win. Schaefer played with a split cue, and he was asked to change it, but refused, and his playing was not his true form. Why therefore is a mystery.

Billiard playing is on a par with baseball playing when the latter game was governed by the betting and pools sold on every game, and baseball clubs were controlled by a clique of betting men. Schaefer did not win, but still his backers are eager to lay odds that he can defeat any man in the world.

The victory of Jack Dempsey, gained over his opponent by an exhibition of splendid skill, will be a popular one throughout this country, and the echo of the cheers which resounded in the ears of the victor when the Australian champion's second threw up the sponge will by this time have been carried by the POLICE GAZETTE to four continents.

The odds were all against the American champion. Weight, size and all the other elements of success were in favor of the Australian, but it was evident from the seventh round upon which side the superior science lay, and mere brute force, even when backed by undoubted courage, proved on this occasion, as on many a previous one, to be insufficient to carry the day.

The moral is an obvious one, and the application of it will no doubt lead to a considerable addition in San Francisco to the number of students of the noble art. The foeman Dempsey met was a prize ring hero and worthy of his steel, and there is no shame in even an experienced pugilist like the Australian champion throwing up the sponge against his will, when undivided nature compelled, to such a gamecock as Dempsey, who wears the "Police Gazette" middle-weight championship of the world belt.

Dempsey's next match will be with Peter Herget, better known as Young Mitchell, and if the champion succeeds in conquering the middle-weight champion of the Pacific Slope he should make a trip across the Atlantic and meet the best man there in the middle-weight class in England. This should be in the Pelican Club for a purse of \$5,000, for under their auspices he would receive fair play.

Since Dempsey's victory, the champion has been flooded with offers from all parts of the country to give exhibitions and engage in glove contests.

I understand that the Southern Athletic Club have offered a purse of \$2,000 for Dempsey and Prof. Mike Donovan to contend for in a ten round glove contest.

The Portland, Ore., Athletic Club have also offered a big purse for Dempsey to meet any one he may select, while a well-known New York sporting man is eager for him to go to England.

The committee appointed to look into the standing of Pat Cahill, the ex-champion middle-weight pugilist, as an amateur, held another meeting on March 1, at Wilmington, Del., and they recommended a suspension. In my opinion, this is next to disqualifying Cahill, for the suspension is to continue until Benny Williams, of the New York Athletic club, and others who refused to testify against Cahill, will do so.

In this and every civilized country, a man is innocent until he is proven guilty, and Scotchmen would have, with out a doubt, on the uncorroborated evidence, returned a Scotch verdict, "not proven." Cahill's only crime was that he excelled as an amateur champion. He can defeat any middle-weight amateur in America, and because other rival athletic associations are eager for their representatives to wear a title they cannot win while Cahill stands in the breach, they are trying to disqualify him.

Cahill is a universal favorite, and there is no one who has not got an axe to grind, but believe that he has been persecuted by an organization which is trying to monopolize amateur athletics and make laws which are unjust and arbitrary.

SPORTING NOTES.

Prof. J. W. Whitney, the well-known veteran boxer, who boxed at the New Bowery Theatre in 1863 and 1864 with Milage Cornell, arrived in New York on March 3, from Oklahoma. He is 68 years of age, and can yet put up his mawlays in clever style.

Ed McDonald, the well-known pugilist, who is teaching the toilers in the pin factory at Waterbury, Conn., how to box, was in New York on March 5 and called at this office. McDonald is matched to meet Joe Roach, of Hartford, Conn., at the first week in April in a 10 round glove contest.

The Golden Gate Athletic Club of San Francisco, recently elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Jno A. Steinbach; Vice President, L. G. Flanagan; Secretary, Jas. J. Jamison; Treasurer, Frank Jones; Directors, C. H. Smith, A. Rudgeon, Cress Unger, H. Lunstedt, Leon Denney, G. E. Liddle.

J. W. Gerlach, the secretary of the Erie County Athletic Club, writes that the club will offer purses for every class of pugilists to contend for, and requests all pugilists who desire to compete to correspond with the club. The Erie Athletic Club is eager for some 110-pound pugilist to meet Jack Lynch of Philadelphia on March 26 for \$500.

Jin McGovern and Jack Keegan fought in New York recently for a purse and trophy. Both men are longshoremen. McGovern weighed 155 pounds, Keegan 156 pounds. Five rounds were fought in 18 minutes, when Keegan was declared the winner. Keegan gained first blood and first knock-down. A well-known saloon-keeper was referee, and James Satchel time-keeper.

The boxing competition of the Park Athletic Club will be held at Washington Hall, 829 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 13 and 15. The following weights open to all amateurs: A. A. Rules to govern. Positively no allowances in weights Bantam—105 pounds and under; feather—115 pounds and under; super—125 pounds and under; light—135 pounds and under; middle-weight—168 pounds and under.

The Oregon Athletic Club, the outgrowth of the boxing excitement in Portland, Ore., has just been formed with a strong board of directors and headquarters in the big Mechanics' Pavilion. The boxing excitement is still high there, and Secretary Morgan writes the POLICE GAZETTE that good boxers and athletic combinations can do well if they visit Portland at any time. The club will hang up a purse for a boxing contest once a month, and such men as Ashton, Lamon, Godfrey, Cleary, and any boxer of note are requested to write Secretary Senator Morgan at the Mechanics' Pavilion, Portland, Ore. The POLICE GAZETTE can always be found on file in the manager's office.

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FOR THE INQUISITIVE.

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

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The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' lowest prices.

Orders for the same article will be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

R. F. G.—No.

R. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—No.

READER, Dryden, N. Y.—B wins.

A. S., Rochester, N. Y.—Sizes are high.

J. B. W., Vicksburg, Miss.—We have one.

N. Kaymer, Col.—It only counts a bunch.

J. B. R., Lorain, Ohio.—Neither wins. The bet is a draw.

J. M. A., Salem, O.—Send direct to Smith, Ajello & Co.

J. D. M., Toledo, O.—There is no record for such a performance.

T. I. H., New York City.—The party reneging loses the game.

C. L., Nautilus Swimming Club, London, England.—We don't know.

W. F. P., Norwich, Conn.—Thanks; your matter too late for publication.

A. H., New York City.—You will find a reply to your queries in this column.

L. F. W., Hampton, Va.—Jack Dempsey was born in Ireland, December 15, 1862.

B. L., Burke, Idaho.—Why don't you put up a forfeit to show you mean business?

J. L., Newark, N. J.—1. Send 25 cents for "The Police Gazette Card Player," 2. 18.

C. M. K., Hillsboro, Texas.—Write to Morton Betts, care of Sporting Life, London.

CONSTANT READER, Aspen, Colo.—It started from the Pennsylvania depot. 2. Yes.

G. A. R., Bangor, Me.—Write to E. Thomas, care of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York City.

C. A., Los Angeles, Cal.—1. Apply to your physician. 2. Send for the "American Athlete."

W. B. S., Milford, Utah.—1. No. 2. Send 25 cents for the "Police Gazette Card Player."

T. W. C., Paterson, N. J.—We have no record of two horses running or trotting 20 miles heats.

F. B., Newark, N. J.—B and C go out by A being euchred, and must play off to decide who wins.

J. B., Clarkson, N. B.—We have no such recipe. Apply to some dealer. 2. Many boil in milk.

S. D., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The cards must be dealt again.

2. Certainly the dealer loses the deal.

M. J. W.—1. Patsy Marley was born in St. Helen's, England. 2. Dooney Harris detected him.

R. W. S., Berea, Ohio.—1. We answer no questions by mail. 2. John L. Sullivan was born Oct. 15, 1858.

M. G. C., Oneonta, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan was present when Peter Jackson and Jack Ashton boxed at Boston.

J. K., Sandusky, O.—1. Six rounds. 2. Seventy-five rounds with Jack Kilrain at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889.

S. J., Boston—Several have claimed to have accomplished the feat, but little credence is given to the performances.

C. E. W., Erie, Pa.—We believe he was on his way to England at the time. We have no record of his driving at Erie, Pa.

J. M. P., Iron Mountain, Mich.—Address a letter to the party, in care of the POLICE GAZETTE office, and it will reach him.

W. W., Lawrence, Mass.—1. Tom Sayers died in 1862. 2. Send 25 cents to this office for the "Life and Battles of Tom Sayers."

W. E. E. K., Sandborn, Ind.—The "Police Gazette" champion bolt John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain fought for it is valued at \$2,500.

W. H. S., Gouverneur, St. Lawrence, Co., N. Y.—If you desire your challenge published in the POLICE GAZETTE, send on a forfeit.

W. C., Cambridge, Mass.—A wins. Representative crews of Harvard College have frequently competed against professionals.

G. J., Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Thanks. 2. You are mistaken; the answer to the man working thirty days at one cent per day was correct.

M. K., New York City.—The battle between John L. Sullivan and John Flood occurred before Jack Dempsey fought in the prize ring.

J. H., Boston.—Edmund C. Price never held the championship of America. Price's battle with Joe Coburn was not a championship battle.

S. & W., Denver, Col.—1. Jack Dempsey did issue a challenge similar to the one you mention. 2. Send 25 cents for "The Battles of Jack Dempsey."

J. B., Favorite Club Rooms, Albuquerque, N. M.—It is impossible for any one to decide how far a deer will run after being shot and wounded.

</



FIRED THROUGH A GLASS DOOR.

J. H. MYERS, A NEW YORK SALESMAN, MAKES AN APPOINTMENT WITH A CINCINNATI GIRLIE AND LANDS ON THE PAVEMENT.



DIED BY THE WAYSIDE.

ROSE M'CUSKER, A FRAIL FEMALE OF PATERSON, N. J., SUCCUMBS TO ALCOHOLISM AND COLE, AND IS FOUND DEAD.



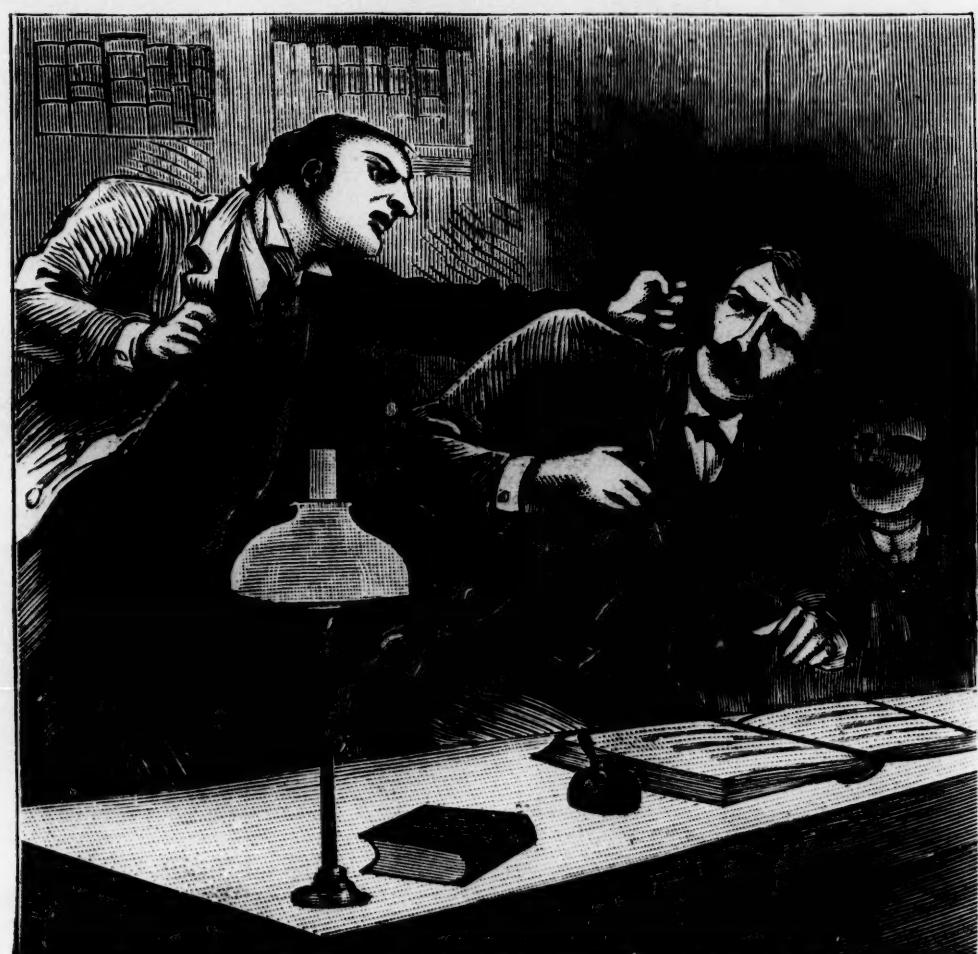
FROLICKY MASQUERADERS.

TRAIN HANDS HAVE FUN BY HOLDING UP PASSENGERS NEAR PALERMO, N. Y., AND HAVE THE TABLES TURNED ON THEM.



SHE REJECTED HIM.

MISS LILLIAN MOORE OF WASHINGTON, D. C., SHOT BY HER DISAPPOINTED SUITOR, HARRY L. FRANKLAND.



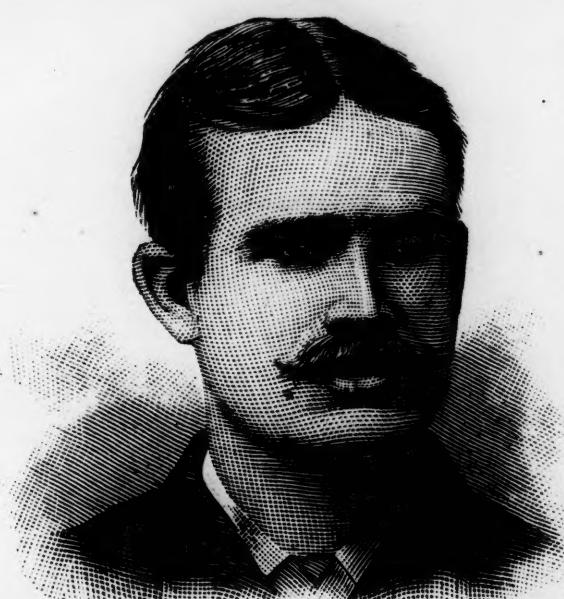
HE BANGED "HIS HONOR."

LEGAL LAWYER TANNER, OF HASTINGS, NEB., TAKES EXCEPTION TO JUDGE GASTIN'S RULING AND BIFFS HIM IN THE EYE.

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MARCH 22, 1890.
WASHINGTON.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

13



A CHAMPION SCULLER.

NEIL MATTISON, WHO IS MATCHED TO ROW PETER KEMP FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.



WRESTLER AND PUGILIST.

GUS LAMBERT, THE FRENCH-CANADIAN CHAMPION ATHLETE OF AMERICA, WHO RECENTLY MET PETER JACKSON.



A CHARITABLE BOOKMAKER.

ED. L. STRAUSS, OF SAN FRANCISCO, WHO IS A POPULAR FAVORITE BECAUSE HE IS A GOOD SAMARITAN.



A PHENOMENAL JOCKEY.

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Extrication amara (alcoholic), 2 grains.

Ext. leprosa, 2 scruples.

Glycerin, Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially to those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT.

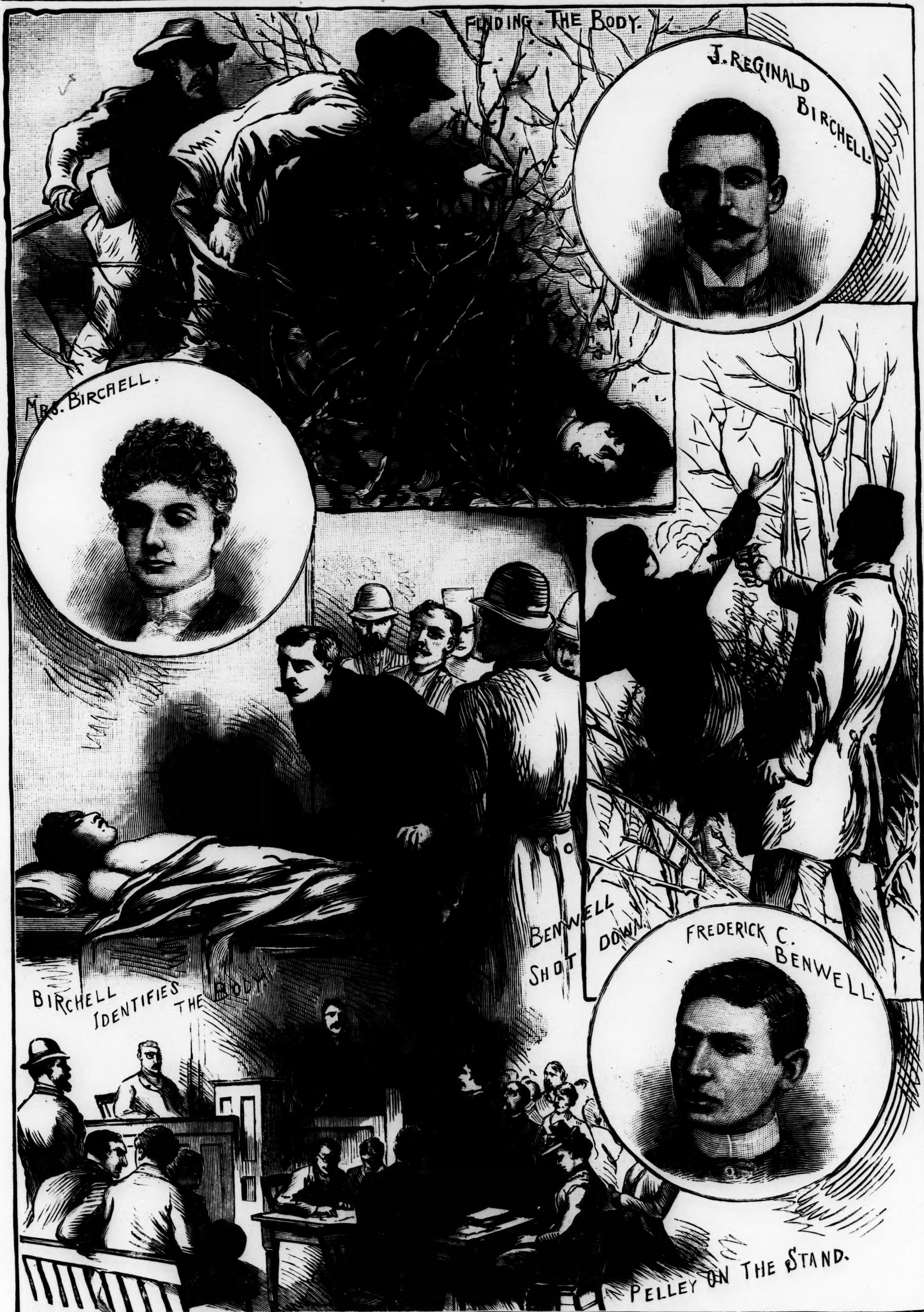
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THE MURDER IN THE CANADA WOODS.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ATTENDING THE CRUEL KILLING OF FREDERICK BENWELL NEAR PRINCETON, ONT., OF WHICH J. REGINALD BIRCHELL IS SUSPECTED.

[FROM SKETCHES BY "POLICE GAZETTE" SPECIAL ARTISTS.]